

IT IS,
AND
IT IS NOT A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE PALMER.

O, let the steps of youth be cautious how
They advance into a dangerous world!
Our *duty only* can conduct us safe.

SOUTHERN,

VOL. I.

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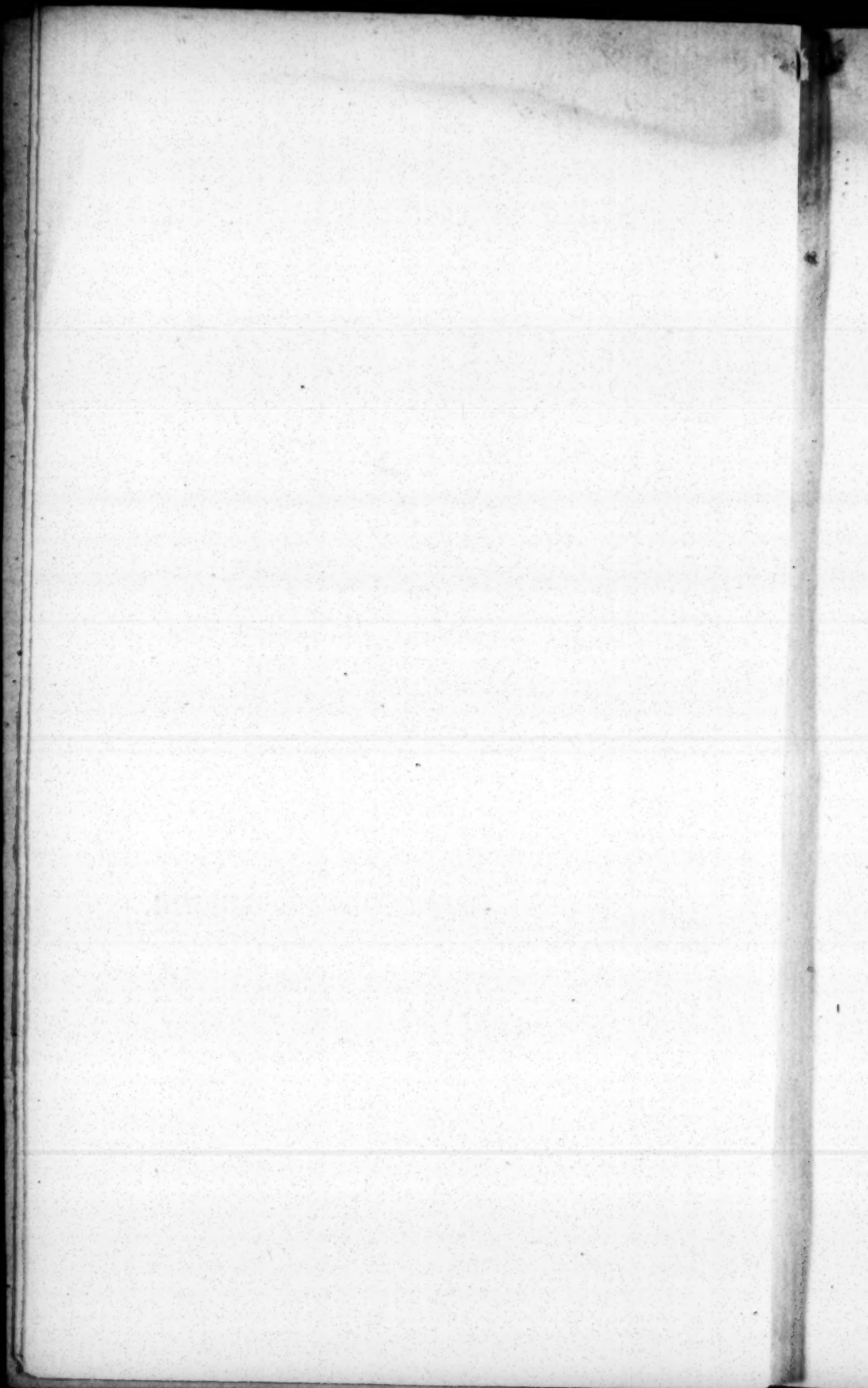
TO
MRS. DOUGLAS,
OF
ST. ALBAN'S, IN KENT.
THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM AND
GRATITUDE,

BY HER
MOST OBLIGED,
AND OBEIENT SERVANT,

MILL HILL,
Dec. 28, 1791.

CHARLOTTE PALMER.



P R E F A C E.

I FEAR I have not taught this little offspring of my imagination its duty, so far as to shield it from danger on its first entrance into the world.

Gladly would the parent still have held it in obscurity, had not the advice of partial friends prevailed, and by degrees drawn her to part with it.

She feels for the trials to which it must be subjected; foresees the contempt with which superior scholars will look down on her weak, uneducated Child of Fancy; but, as Adversity is the School of Wisdom, she sends it

it forth, to take its equal chance, amongst the *Tender* and the *Unkind* ! —It will wander through a few counties in England, (like Sterne's Maria, through the *flinty* roads of Savoy) till the *observant* Reviewers have the charity to take it in ! —But, alas ! will it, by them, be charitably treated ? —Will *they* have the tendernefs of its first friends ? —Or will they damp, entirely, the trembling hopes of its Parent, who will most sincerely thank them for bestowing on it wholesome and *moderate* chastisement ; but earnestly hopes they will so humanely attend to her feelings, as not to treat it with too much severity !

I now proceed to apologize for the name, or title, of this production.

After having been advised to publish, a worthy friend called on me,
2. and

and, speaking of the letters (part of which he had seen) said—"And pray what do you mean to call your Book, when finished—A Novel?"—I replied, "I do not know what to call it; for it is, and it is not a novel." "A very curious composition truly," said he, "It *is*, and it is *not*, is quite in the female style of contradiction!"—I was much obliged by his remark, which at once furnished me with a title, for which I had intreated THOUGHT in vain!—I then gave up all application to her, being fully persuaded (in a double sense of the expression) that
IT IS, AND IT IS NOT A NOVEL.

I beg the Reader's attention to my Preface, a few lines farther, while I endeavour to extricate myself from the imputation of plagiarism. A
person

person who read the following letters in manuscript, told me, that in the story of Clara Heartfield, I should be suspected of borrowing from Richardson.—If such a suspicion again arises, it will be unfounded; the circumstances relating immediately to the heroine are literally true; I had a slight acquaintance with the young lady concealed under that name.

Perhaps a ludicrous kind of punishment in VOL. II. page 188, is open to censure.—I do not contend that it was *right*—I meant only to shew, how frequently persons are hurried away by a sudden impulse, without attending to propriety, or considering the consequences!

There is one passage, where (treating of novels) I have perhaps too readily

readily given my opinion of *one* as superior.—It would have been more just, and more expressive of my own sentiment, if I had styled it superior to the *generality*, and not have ranked it before *all* others. That mine may not be considered as the very *least* of all others, is as much as I can reasonably hope for ;—and my ultimate wish will be fulfilled, if those who have the honour to support the maternal character with exemplary prudence and virtue, should permit it to be placed in the hands of their daughters.

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IT IS, AND IT IS NOT
A NOVEL.

LETTER I.

Miss Wingham to Miss Littleworth.

Bristol, March, 1790.

THE clock has just struck four, my dearest Henrietta, and I hope in a few minutes to hear the heart-delighting sound of my papa's chariot, which is to convey me from this worse than nunnery!—Seven years, except holidays, have I been pent up in this bee-hive, as the majestic Queen-bee, my haughty gouvernante, is pleased to call her school. Thanks to my dear Mamma! I shall

B

this

this day find the use of my wings, and will fly to enjoy the blossoms of those pleasures which have long discovered their alluring colours, and enchanted my senses with their fragrance.—Adieu, ye dismal walks, overgrown with wild gilliflowers, and nauseous weeds! Keep your virtues, if any can be extracted for the working bees I leave behind, who may “ Gather honey all the day from every opening flower,” for what I care: let me but buzz about the metropolis;—*there* I shall find gathered flowers in abundance; where, to *my* eye, “ They look more gay than glowing in their native bed.”——There I can be in possession of ten-fold sweets; and, as I return home with my store through the Hay-market, give a look towards the theatre, and anticipate the pleasures of the evening, when I shall be charmed with a hum and a buz, worth hearing: in the midst of which I really flatter myself I shall have
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the humanity (if not very much engaged *indeed*) to bestow one pitying thought on the poor *drones* I leave here.—The appellation of *drone*, my governess has often, very improperly, applied to *me*, merely because I am not fond of my needle; but she, as well as my school-fellows, has many times found me a very *wasp* among them,—I consider it as an honour.—Could she suppose a girl of my spirit, more than two months above fifteen, would submit calmly to chastisement and reproof, like a child of six years old, just emerged from the nursery?—It is for those to yield, whose situations oblige them; but while my Papa can give me an independent fortune, I am determined *never* to be imposed upon!—It is very odd the chariot is not come yet; my Mamma's letter expresses four o'clock, and it is now half after.—Perhaps you will be surprised that I am thus employed at
this

this juncture; but I have already gone through the ceremony of exchanging keep-sakes, locks of hair, &c.—I have bid a thousand adieus!--wished a thousand good wishes!--and given a general invitation to them all!--I made it general, because there are none among them to whom I have any particular attachment. I believe the ladies think I have retired to my chamber—to *cry*; but they are egregiously——Hark! I am sure I hear the carriage!——Yes, yes; it is even so.—Adieu, dear Henrietta, for the present; I will fling my pen to the farther end of the room for the next scribe; secure my paper—and away for dear London.

Adelphi Terrace, March —, 12 at Night.

Well, Henrietta, I am at length arrived at the long-wished for place where pleasure reigns.—I have been so much engaged since the moment I left school,
that

that I could not possibly finish my letter before.—I have been so long taking a view of the illuminated bridges, the boats and barges upon the Thames, &c. and various objects which join to enliven this dear situation; that, late as it is, I am so thoroughly awake, that I wish no other refreshment, after my journey, than that which my mind always receives when writing to you.—I must now go back to the arrival of my Papa; you know I told you I had taken leave of the young groupe,—consequently, thought I had nothing to do but to add a formal farewell to the Queen-Bee, and her Ministers, Mademoiselle, &c. &c. when,—just as I had scrambled my letter into my pocket,—Miss Eglantine entered; her face bathed in tears.—(You know Miss Eglantine, she dined at our house during the vacation, three years ago, when you was visiting me;—my Papa's seat in the country is within a mile of her dwelling, and our early intimacy

timacy was the occasion of our going to the same school;—*she* leaves off in another month, but does not rejoice, as I do; she even regrets that the time is so near.—) I am come, Cleopatra, (said she) to bid you a second time adieu! and hope, as we have been play-mates together so long, our friendship will increase with our years. It will at least be a twelvemonth before we shall meet again. I am not certain where *I* shall be, but *you* will be engaged in all the busy scenes and gaieties of London.—I should be glad——. She was prevented from saying any more, by the entrance of one of the servants, who came to hasten me; therefore, adding another trinket to those she had before lavished on me, we embraced and parted.—I luckily hatched up a cry when she saluted me; but I think there was no occasion for tears on either side; and as mine were partly hypocritical, perhaps her's were also.—Nothing worth inserting happened

pened during our journey, which was two days.—Mamma has been shewing me an abundance of fashionable apparel, and intends to introduce me in all the polite circles.—Good night, my dearest, dearest Henrietta, I remain,

Your most obliged, sincere,
and affectionate Confidante,

CLEOPATRA WINGHAM.

Note.—The writer is conscious she has used the word *drone* in a wrong sense, if applied to a *bee*.

L E T.

LETTER II.

Miss Eglantine to Miss Digby.

Bristol, April, 1790, 5 in the Morning.

My dear Friend,

YOU will see by the hour prefixed, how early I have dedicated a thought to you: yet though you so deservedly hold the first place in my esteem, perhaps you are less obliged to me now than heretofore. This is the day appointed for my kind governess to resign me to the more immediate care of my worthy parents. I hope I am not deficient in my duty to them; yet the idea of quitting a place to which I have been so long accustomed, and companions with whom I have innocently passed so many happy hours, and from whom I have received so many tokens of affection and
favour,

favour, brings on reflections that are painful; and drives "balmy sleep" from my eyes.—To communicate my feelings to my Eliza, may probably, in some degree, disperse the cloud which, in defiance of all my efforts, hangs over my spirits.—The pleasing stillness of this early hour, is favourable to my present employment; and as the teachers and servants are not up, I cannot avail myself of the morning air; much as the beauty of every vernal object conspires to invite individuals to take

"The wildly devious morning walk."

THOMSON.

The glorious sun is just beginning to disperse the fertilizing dew, and the tops of the highest trees are peeping above the mists, which appear like the distant sea—"The village murmur" of toiling peasants, grazing cattle, and rejoicing birds, assail alternately my listening ear; and even the gentle breathings of three

of my companions, who sleep in the same room where I am now sitting, sensibly affect me ; yet I know not *how* or *why* ! but I am interested in their welfare — *that* must account for it.

How infinitely I am indebted to my governess for the privilege of writing to you without reserve ; certainly my Mamma, I know, desired I might correspond with you ; but Mrs. Precept has more than complied with her request, and never desires to see more of my letters than the direction.—I should not deserve the confidence she consequently reposes in me, did I not praise and value her as she justly merits : but let me not ascribe to myself this privilege ; it is to the amiable character of Eliza I am indebted.—Next to myself and brother, my Mamma loves *you* ; and my governess is so convinced of your virtues, that she assures me she would trust all she held valuable to the care and judgment of Miss Digby.

All

All the young ladies speak of you with extreme regard; and when any thing is mentioned by one, which cannot be recollected by another, it is immediately echoed, O! that happened before Miss —— came;—if you remember—*that* was before Miss Digby left off!—a period from or before which they date all scholastic events.—My Papa writes his intention of passing this summer chiefly in Wales; and is to call for me this day in his way thither.—From thence we return to town, for the winter, and then to his villa; which you are too well acquainted with to need a description. There I shall again see Miss Wingham, who left school about a month ago; we began our education together and are nearly of the same age. I am rather surpris'd at her quitting us with such indifference;—it was not till the last minute, that I saw her shed tears; but she has a fine flow of spirits, and different persons shew their sensations differently.

ferently.—She is certainly very good-natured, and though too thoughtless for a confidential friend like my faithful Eliza, I hope I shall find her an agreeable companion.—We sometimes differed in our opinions of superiority, and subordination; and she involved herself in many difficulties, by refusing to submit when in the wrong; but those were failings injurious chiefly to herself, and will, I hope, wear off.

It is past six, and the family are rising; I will go and gather a handful of roses, wet with the dew, and brush the faces of my school-mates, who are so careless about me, that they keep sleeping on, though I am to leave them in a few hours.—but I see my governess walking in the garden; perhaps, as it is the last day, she will not think it too great a liberty if I ask to join her. But I will fetch the flowers first.

Good

(17)

Good morning, my dear Eliza ; you do not love parade, therefore I subscribe, in few words,

Your obliged friend,

MARY EGLANTINE.

L E T T E R I I I .

Miss Eglandine to Miss Digby.

Ramsbury, April, 1791.

Dear Eliza,

THOUGH you are two letters in my debt, I will overlook the fault, and indulge you with another, which is surely more than you deserve : however, I own I am a little selfish, and perhaps it is selfishness that induces me to impart a pleasing event, which has lately gladdened our family.—You know I informed
you

you last summer of our excursion to Woodstock, in our way from Wales to London; you do not, I hope, forget the account I gave you of an agreeable gentleman, a friend of my brother, who passed one day with us, and took so much pains to point out whatever was worth observation.—He was student with my brother at Oxford, and now resides in that county. Leonard is come home for six weeks, and, at his desire, my father has invited Mr. Lionel Campden to accompany and stay with him till his return. He is going to Italy in a short time, and has been here a fortnight; and so agreeably has the time glided away, that it seems but yesterday since he arrived.

I regretted your journey to —, which prevented me from informing you earlier of his arrival; and I doubly regret that you cannot partake with me the pleasure of his society. Mr. Campden

den is six years older than my brother, and my brother, you know, is four years older than I ;—now can you find out his age without a slate and pencil? I sincerely wish you was here ; you would be able to converse with him ; and I should not look foolish so often as I do ; for really he is *so* sensible, that, for the first two or three days, I scarce opened my lips, lest he should discover the inferiority of my understanding ; but he is so politely affable, so easy in his manners, and suits his conversation so well to all with whom he converses, that I imperceptibly lose the reserve which his presence at first created. He is so high in esteem with my Papa and Mamma, that they permit me to walk or ride out with him morning and evening, with or without my brother ; and I am sure it is impossible to be an hour in his company, without some advancement in knowledge.

Never

Never since I left school, which is now exactly a year, have I passed a fortnight so delightfully, and there is still a month to come, which I will make the most of. You know I am very fond of geography, and Mr. Campden has asked my Mamma's leave to give me some farther instructions than what I received at Bristol; surely I shall improve rapidly from such a master, or I must be a dunce indeed.—Miss W—— is now in the country. I called to see her yesterday, and think her vastly improved.—We had some interesting conversation relative to past events; yet I think there is rather too much levity in her manner, and a degree of affectation; but she may probably think *I* have too much *gravity* for my age,—an error equal with her's;—and, for affectation—her beauty may be some excuse, for she is certainly very handsome.

Do not think me censorious, though I have imparted my opinion of Miss W——;

W—— ; to express our thoughts to a friend is no more than to indulge them within our own bosoms ; and we sometimes are gainers by disclosing them. Is it possible for you to come for a few days next week ? We are to have a ball in honour of Leonard's birth-day--Do come, dear Eliza, if it is only to see our amiable visitor—Miss W—— will also be of the party, and is to remain with us a month—I have mentioned her so often to you that you must have no curiosity if you do not desire to see her ; she is much altered since you knew her at school. I told Mr. Campden, who had not yet seen her, that she dances gracefully ; and advised him to engage her for a partner the first time she calls ; but he declined my proposal, and immediately paid the compliment to me ; probably he thought it a mark of respect to my friends, indispensable, while visiting *them*. My brother, therefore, intends to solicit her for himself ; and we look forward to a happy evening.

ing. Intemperate mirth—and—infectious gloom, are equally strangers in the mind of Mr. Campden ; and his diffusive, but moderate chearfulness, has discovered its influence, on all our family : which would be yet more enlivened, if Miss Digby would comply with the earnest request of

Her affectionate .

M. EGLANTINE.

P. S. Receive the four-fold greetings of myself and friends.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

Miss Wingham to Miss Littleworth.

Wiltshire, April, 1791.

Dear Henrietta,

I WRITE to you so often, that my subjects are reduced to so low an ebb, I fear half my letters are filled with nonsense; but however that may be, it at least convinces you, my dear girl, how much time I sacrifice to prove the sincerity of my friendship for you. I just snatch a few moments from a room full of company, to inform you of a visit I received yesterday morning from Miss Eglantine. she came with the usual salutations, congratulations, &c. &c. on hearing of our *safe* arrival; but, to crown all, she came to invite me to an entertainment which Mr. Eglantine gives next week, on account,

count, I suppose, of a gentleman who is there on a visit to the young sportsman his son. She intreats me to stay with her for some time afterwards ; but the amusements they pursue are so ill-suited to my lively disposition, that I have no particular inclination to comply : however I will go ; and if I do not like my situation, after a few days trial, I can easily form an excuse to return. I must own I have a vast desire to see the stranger, and shall decorate myself to catch his attention, which will at least pass away some hours amusingly. Perhaps I may also place an additional " feather in my cap," which, by a graceful, though studied, turn of my head, shall wave towards the brother. He was very unpolished seven years ago ; but Oxford may have done wonders !—I asked Miss Mary several questions relative to Mr. —, I forget the name ; but I thought she avoided the subject, and talked of little else but

but the happy hours we had spent at school.

What a strange taste!—I knew *no* happy hours till I began to taste the joys of public life, and I will clasp them fast while youth and liberty kindly place them within my reach. To say truth, Miss Eglantine is no great favourite with me; she used at Bristol sometimes to take the liberty of giving me *advice*, which I did not much approve: you know, *my dear*, that *advice* from one of one's own age, and by no means superior in understanding, is a most ridiculous affair: long as I have known my dear Henrietta, she has never deviated so much from politeness, as even to offer the least admonition.—But has (by *approving all* my actions) so insured my *affection* and *gratitude*, that they will form a *cement* to *friendship* that time can never dissolve.—I fear the party below will wait my attendance at the card-table, and must bid you farewell.

When

When the ball is over, I will write again, and—then—you shall have an account of the company, but particularly of *him* who is, in Miss E——'s sentimental language, the *respectable friend* of young Leonard. I now conclude,

Your faithful and

affectionate friend,

of which you are well assured,

CLEOPATRA WINGHAM.

P. S. I forgot to say that Miss Digby is expected to be of the party next week ; I would almost as soon see a snake. It is from *her* that Miss E—— learnt the method of giving *advice* ; because she receives so much ; but she is infatuated with her, and is quite in a panic lest she should not come.—I know
many

many circumstances relative to her family, and if she treats me with coldness, I shall give her two or three satirical *flings*, that I am convinced she will not relish.

LETTER V.

Miss Eglington to Miss Digby.

Ramsbury, 1791.

INDEED, Eliza, your raillery is ill-timed. I never received a letter from you before that gave me pain*. I thought you too sincere to let your pen be guided by irony, or to tease so provokingly one who loves you as I do; that you refused my invitation was sufficient cause of chagrin!—There was no occasion to proceed in the manner

I tran-

* The letter alluded to does not appear.

I transcribe (to shew you that I noticed every word). Love, you say, is travelling fast to the unsuspecting heart of Miss Eglantine, and will surely fix his lasting abode there, if she does not secure every avenue before he arrives too near. I am glad you had not an opportunity of verbally expressing your sentiment ; it certainly would (for the first time) have caused a disagreement. On the *letter* I could only *frown*, which I did involuntarily, while I felt an unusual glow of anger, at being accused of love—even the word I am not much accustomed to hear, and on the subject I am sure I am incapable of writing ; therefore shall dispatch it as soon as possible.—I hope you have taken no notice to my governess, in any of your letters, she would despise me.—I know what she would say, or at least what she would think,—a girl of sixteen, just left school, begin to think of a lover!—and she would be very angry. Let me intreat
you,

you, therefore, not to hint the like again, lest you deprive me the pleasure of writing to you on the subject of Mr. Campden's merits, which rise every day upon *all* our family. Be affectionate, then, as before, and I will call you *dear* Eliza again. The inclosed will convince you, that I had no idea of love, or I should not have suffered Mr. Campden to have seen it. I wrote it for my brother, who was talking the other day of his approaching return to Oxford. I have no inclination, said he, to leave Ramsbury; but, however, Lionel says, *life is a journey* and we must pursue it:—it would not be amiss to carry a road bill in our pockets.—Sister Mary, what sayest thou? I know thou lovest to sermonise;—can'st not give me a paper charm against the dangers of high precipices, dreadful caverns, concealed by grotto work, intermingled with flowers, tempting the hand to pluck, but causing the foot to fall, &c.—I know nothing of travelling, said I, and can give you

no direction about roads, and hills, valleys and caverns ; but since you are desirous, I will give you a little allegorical *sisterly* advice ;—but you must promise to pursue it.—He gave me a smile and a nod, went to play a game at billiards with Mr. Campden, who had been all the time present ; and I sat down and wrote the inclosed letter, which (when you have read) will convince you that I had no vain wishes to catch the heart of such a youth as Lionel, or should not have shewn him such a foolish composition.

I will also relate a simple circumstance that happened yesterday after dinner, as we were sitting round the table, where I made such a ridiculous figure, that I am ashamed to think of it. Miss Wingham dined with us ;—and addressing myself to her,—Cleopatra, said I, the last chapter I read at school, was the 11th of Isaiah, where it is written, “ The wolf shall dwell with the lamb ;”

now I have been thinking, if we were to leave out the N, and introduce a P, in my brother's name, we might say, the Lion and the Leopard dine every day at our table. My Mamma looked grave, and said, if you meant that as a stroke of *wit*, Mary, I cannot see wherein it lies, and however apposite a verse in the bible may be to your ideas, never use it again as the subject of a jest.—Mr. Campden sat on my Mamma's left hand, Miss Wingham on the right, and myself next her; it was impossible to escape his notice. I ventured to lift up my eyes, my face suffused with crimson; he stroked his hand over his face; my Papa smiled, and Leonard, laughing heartily, was determined to carry on the jest.—Barring sacred subjects, said he, my sister's remark was not amiss;—for though they are nearly of the same signification, I have always thought Lionel's name and my own too long; therefore, friend Campden, if you will agree to

cut

cut off a full *el* of yours, I will reduce mine to *three-sevenths*; and then we shall be *Brother Lions* together: and Miss Wingham, and my sister, shall be our two *Jackalls*.—I most willingly agree to the alteration, replied his friend, do with me just as you please; I shall think it an honour to claim kindred with you; and shall be extremely happy to have such a caterers as Miss Eglantine! —That you will, replied my good-natured brother, for I assure you, she makes the best puffed paste of any young lady in the county (begging your pardon, Miss Wingham, I never had the pleasure of tasting yours) and boils eggs, in the shell, to the sixtieth part of a minute.—My Papa seem'd tired of such trifling discourse, and entered into an argument with Mr. Campden, on public affairs. I was just hinting to Miss Wingham, to retire to our needle-work, when my brother, with his mouth full of melon—his two elbows on the table

table—and his face half hid in his hands, burst into immoderate laughter !

What is the matter with *Leo* ? said my father. I beg your pardon, Sir, said Leonard, for interrupting your conversation, but you know I can at any time be diverted with trifles ; and it this moment struck me, how unequal a battle would ensue, if Colonel St——'s great American Wolf * should one day or other encounter the two Lions ; I fear the *single* General would soon demolish the *two* Kings ; or at least send them home with their Crowns cracked.—My Papa shook his head and said—nonsense ; yet he laughed, and Leonard went on :—what pity it is, Lion, said he, that your name did not come to the lot of some poor man who might have made his fortune by it in a single day. By what method, said Mr. Campden, pray tell me, because I should have no objection to *increase mine* ?

* An American wolf dog, called General Howe, is here alluded to.

That

That you may easily do, said my brother. —It is only to divide yourself;—your name, I mean, in four parts. that mistake was well rectified, interrupted my Papa; I was wondering how Mr. Campden was to make his fortune when divided, even though he had been sent to the four quarters of the world; and before he could have been shipped off, you would all have quarreled for his *head*, I believe.—You are right there, Sir, said my brother, if you confine the supposition to our sex. *I* would do *my* best to secure the prize; but if it were possible for my friend's virtue, to remain after such a division, I am much mistaken if there is not a certain lady who would undergo a desperate engagement to secure his *heart*! —He accompanied these words with a significant look at Miss Wingham.—What could he mean?—Perhaps Mr. Campden's winning manners have made some impression on her; if so, she need not fear *her equal* power!—I think he cannot

cannot see so much beauty, accompanied with a gaiety which, I have heard my brother say is very attractive, as a proof of a happy, and good temper!—He cannot, I repeat,—see her with indifference!—But I have no more right to infer that she is in love with him—than *you* to make *similar* observations drawn from the praise I bestowed as his due.

At the close of L——'s last sentence, Mr. Campden requested he would not lengthen the subject by compliments paid to him, while he was impatient to know how he might so rapidly advance his interest.—Well then, said my brother, insert in the newspapers the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE is now to be seen, at Leonard Eglantine's, Esq. a very noble and curious *Lion*, so tame that even strangers may venture within an *El* of him, without the least danger.—He was seen by
vast

vaſt crowds of people, at the time of the *Camp* on Warley Common, and carries his *Den* about him.—Admittance 2 s. 6 d.

N. B. What is ſtill more ſurprizing, he can walk with eaſe on two feet, and appears far more majeſtic in that attitude, than going upon all fours. —He is frequently taken to gentlemen's houſes in a covered conveyance, but in that caſe the premium is expected to be advanced. —His age is twenty-fix years.

What do you think of the ſcheme, ſaid he, there is not a word of falſhood throughout the advertiſement; and new and extraordinary ſights raiſe ſuch vaſt ſums of money, that I think this could not fail.

No *honeſt* man, Leonard, ſaid my father, however poor, would try the experiment; for though no falſhood, there would be much deceit in ſuch a procedure;

cedure; and I think you take an unpardonable liberty with Mr. Campden, for using his name so ludicrously.—I know my friend too well, Sir, replied my brother, to suppose he will be displeased;—had he not had the good *Sense* to admit my train of *Follies* into his company, with myself, our friendship must inevitably have been dissolved long ago; for he knows I cannot reach the *summits* to which he is equal, and condescendingly levels his *ways* with mine.—Mr. Campden bowed, and we rose from table.

M. E.

Note.—I should have told you, that Brother *Leo* has met with a disappointment. Miss W. has already promised to dance with a gentleman, who is visiting at her father's;—you do not come neither—Poor Leo!

L E T T E R VI.

Miss Eglantine to her Brother,

[Inclosed in the above.]

Dear Brother,

As you will shortly leave this place, to pursue your journey through all the dangers and changes of life, I employ my pen, according to your desire, to give you what little advice my weak judgment affords, in order to render your travels comfortable.

To a spirited youth like you, every enterprising adventure is alluring in contemplation, and pursued with avidity.—Flatter not yourself that every difficulty will give way before you; but be prepared to meet with various interruptions, accidents,

accidents, and incidents in your career, particularly if your journey proves long, which, however, you cannot foresee. It frequently terminates when the traveller expects to continue his progress for months and years, or it opens to an immeasurable length, when he expects it is just at an end!—When the latter happens, he is not always sufficiently stocked with requisites to continue his route with comfort. In such a case he is in a miserable and very pitiable situation!—He may indeed be relieved by the humanity of persons who kindly feel for his misfortunes; yet this will be but of reproach to him, if his own previous negligence has been the cause of his necessity.—That you, dear Leonard, may not experience similar severities, I intreat you to prepare for a *long* journey; and then if it prove *short*, you can leave your remaining stores at the last stage, in kindness to those who follow you; for
they

they will be no longer of use, when your journey is at an end.

First, then, I advise you to buy a strong portmanteau, and fill it with the following articles:—A purse of money, according to your fortune; which you must strive to increase, by industry; yet be not so intent on gain, as to fear that distributing part will bring you to poverty. Charity will animate your spirits, and supply the wants of your purse, in the same degree as it diffuses comfort to the unfortunate. A sufficient stock of clothes, rather neat than fine, will recommend you to the society of those who are pleased with simplicity and unassuming virtue; of these be willing to lend to any fellow-pilgrim, or chance-traveller. You will be surprised that I advise you to keep a lamp ready trimmed, and be sure to light it at the close of the day, because there is an UNIVERSAL TRAVELLER, who obstructs every person's career, in some part of the globe

globe or other!—He is so absolute, that it will be in vain to resist his power, which he will exert by obliging you to obey his command, and follow him to an unknown place of destination!—To those who have never given a thought to this important consideration, nor prepared themselves for such an interceptor it will prove a disappointment inexpressible to find their projects and pursuits at an end, in the midst of enjoyment!—Be prepared then, Leonard, for this formidable hero ; and you will not regret his interruption, should it be this night or to-morrow !

Take with you a sensible Monitor, and listen to his advice, which he will give in soft whispers, that no bye-stander may be witness to the reproofs he gives, or the faults he corrects!—Anoint yourself well every morning, with the oil of courage : rub it in on the left side, till it penetrates the pores, and invigorates the heart!—You must also take with you the essence

sence of fortitude, distilled from the flowers of patience, reason, and philosophy!—It is not to be used like the oil of courage (though many have mistaken it for the same composition); it is to be taken as a restorative medicine after any unexpected misfortune, loss of friends, &c. &c.—The oil, by animating the heart, secures the body from outward injury.—The essence, by soothing and refreshing it, keeps the inward powers from sinking into weakness and dependency!

As you will find many voluptuaries in your way, who will entice you to taste their pernicious wines, &c. your safest way will be to fill some bottles with pure (Adam's) Ale, with which you may be supplied in almost every climate.—In order to prevent your engaging in needless disputes, I advise you to take with you the staff of prudence, which you may use and lean upon as a walking-stick; and when you meet with an insult from
any

any one who is beneath your resentment, be sure to hold prudence fast in your hand, till you have taken a gentle dose of your essence; and you will be calm enough to convince him of his error, with a smiling countenance.

I know not of any thing farther immediately requisite, except a repeating watch; which, above all things, you must not forget.--Instead of striking the hour, as an ordinary one does, by a repetition of single sounds, it expresses the word, *Justice*, at every division of time. It is not every traveller who is in possession of this article, and it is so invaluable, that you must guard it, Leonard, with unceasing care; at the same time that you discover it to all with whom you have any dealings.

I shall only add, that on the arrival of the UNIVERSAL TRAVELLER, you may, (on hearing his name) address yourself to him, to this effect:—I have expected you ever since I commenced my travels; and

and am, therefore, quite prepared!—I will just lock my portmanteau, on which you must already have put a direction to your next successor, and your Conductor will then certainly guide you to happiness!

I remain,

Dear Brother,

Your affectionate Sister,

M. EGLANTINE.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

Miss Eglantine to Miss Digby.

Ramsbury, May, 1791.

I BEG your pardon, my very dear friend, for not answering your affectionate letter sooner;—unavoidable engagements prevented me, and you will excuse it. I am now—painfully at leisure!—My brother left us this morning, and Mr. Campden—is gone!—Perhaps I ought to rejoice—for his company became so very interesting, that the pain of parting must have been augmented by a longer stay. Miss Wingham also left us yesterday, and I am lonely indeed!—An unpleasant stillness prevails

prevails throughout our house.—Mr. Campden's flute—the sounding billiards—my brother's mirthful voice among his pointers, or playful gambols with Miss W——, alternately chearful-ized (if I may so terminate the word);—the domestic moving employments which occupy my mornings.—My thoughts are at present too much engaged by more interesting occurrences, to give you a full description of our ball; it is sufficient to say, that had Miss Digby graced it, the evening would have wanted no addition to make it the most happy ever passed by me.—Mr. Campden dances! —I cannot describe how he dances! —And he was all animation and amiability!—Thoughtful, and spiritless, as I am, I cannot omit a short description of the *person*, for I will not call him *gentleman*, who danced with Miss W——, because he was so exactly the reverse of my partner, that to point out the follies of
of

of one, must cast a light on the virtues of the other !

His dress, at first sight, gave me a very mean opinion of his understanding ; as it so plainly discovered that high degree of vanity (held contemptible as cowardice by a manly mind) which no garments can conceal. His hair was dressed in the most preposterous style of fashion, and round his neck he wore a cravat, tied in so large a bow, that it must have been very inconvenient at meals, and made him use his hands very awkwardly. His coat was scarlet, and his waistcoat blue, and silver tiffue. His ruffles, which were of beautiful lace, so extremely deep, that they almost concealed his hands ; and he had a redundancy of ornaments about him, by no means attractive, except when worn by a lady.

I cannot express the indignation I felt, when he walked up to the looking-glass, on having ended his dance, and
looking

looking in it, said, by way of excuse, that his valet had tied his cravat most intolerably unbecoming, which he took some minutes to alter. I saw Mr. Campden look at him with a kind of contemptuous pity. He was impertinently loquacious; and I observed the company, in general, despised him!—Unluckily for my partner, he was stationed at supper directly opposite, on the right hand of my father; myself and Miss Wingham, of course, next our partners. Mr. Singleton confined his discourse entirely to our groupe; and we were all in turns, my Papa included, tormented with his insignificant questions. At length my Papa lost all patience; and, to mortify him, requested him to explain the *cause* of some important occurrence which had recently happened in town; too conceited to own his ignorance of the affair, he replied:—Why, as to the *cause*, Sir, I cannot say I have scrutinized much into the *cause* but I can assure you,
from

from my *own judgment*, as far as I can see into the *theory* of the affair, Sir, that the *consequences* must prove *diffusively* fatal ! — I am at a loss to know what you can possibly mean by the *theory* of that transaction, said my Papa ; but give me leave, Sir, to say, your *judgment* and *penetration* must be extremely superior, to discover the fatal consequences, and how they may be *diffused*, when you are unacquainted with the leading principle.

——(He bowed, interpreting my Papa's irony as a compliment) My method ; is always to search into *causes*, in order to judge of *effects*.—Why to be sure, Sir, said Mr. S——, that is a very good method : that is certainly a very good method ; but I don't trouble my head much about public affairs, (public *places* indeed, I know as much about as *any man of fashion*) ; I generally form my judgment from the face of things, according as they happen to stand.—I think, Sir, returned my Papa (with his usual

usual gravity) it would be better to judge from the *feet*, which *generally stand* upon some foundation.—I hope you have not much *ground* to build your surmise upon; as to the consequences of the affair in question, I shall only say, Sir, said, Mr. S—— (it was plain he wished to wave the discourse), that it is often very right to judge from appearances; and I will give you an instance:—the other day I called upon my friend, Jack Whisker; we are always together; I suppose there is not a day in the week, that you would not find us at some place or other.—Well, Sir, I called upon Jack Whisker, and the family were at dinner; I did not chuse to disturb them, so told the servant to take in my name. I knew *that* would soon fetch Jack down.—I sits myself down in the parlour to wait for him, when in runs a great mastiff dog with a beef-steak in his mouth, just dressed; the groom came in soon after, very slowly, with a whip in his hand, holding it

it behind him, and before he offered to use it—Oh ho ! thinks I my gentleman, the consequence of your eating that meat will be a sound basting, which accordingly happened ! Now, Sir, you may think this a trifling instance, but it popped *a-propos* into my head, and may serve to explain my meaning clearly.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, said my father, for taking so much pains to elucidate the argument, but really I am not yet sufficiently convinced to join your opinion ; and if you reflect a little, you will find that the *sound basting* which the poor mastiff received (my Papa still continued his gravity) must have been a consequence of his *stealing*, not *eating*, the meat ;—had he only eaten, no ill consequences would have arisen ; it would only have been adding to the nourishment that supports life ; therefore it is probable, Sir, that your ideas of the circumstance in debate may be equally erroneous ; and as we have lash-

ed

ed the words *Cause* and *Consequence*, till they are too weak of *themselves* to afford us any assistance, let us apply to Mr. Campden, for the satisfaction of both parties.

I am^r sure Mr. Campden had no desire to discover his superior knowledge; but, at my Papa's request, cleared away every doubt and difficulty, with so much ease and eloquence, that I listened with inexpressible delight, while Mr. Singleton looked at him with confused surprise!—till, totally eclipsed, he concealed his diminished head behind Miss Wingham's fan, which she, luckily for him, had just held up, on being asked to sing by some of the company.—He joined in soliciting, and Mr. Campden, having fully satisfied my father, ceased.

Miss Wingham's vivacity, I observed, caught the attention of the party; but particularly the gentlemen. She certainly looked most beautifully!—and her dress was the most fashionable, yet by no means

means gaudy, of any lady in the room ; but I leave hers at present, to describe my partners.

Mr. C——neither quarrels with, nor is a slave to, fashion. He wore a coat of chearful green, fashionably made ; a waistcoat of white satin, embroidered with violets and auriculas, tied in small bunches, with gold twist. His hair was dressed genteelly elegant, plaited behind, and fastened with a black rosette ; he wore *ruffles* too, Eliza ; but they were neither deep lace, nor fine cambric ; they were worked muslin ; but can you guess who worked them ? Do you think it was Mary Eglantine ? Indeed it was !—My brother frequently wears those you were so kind to bestow on him.—Mr. Campden was one day asking him, where he bought them ? and said he should like a pair of the same pattern.—They are a memento of female friendship, said Leonard, and the pattern is not to be matched if you search all the shops

D

in

in London ; but if you ask Miss Maria, (meaning me) perhaps she will present you with an humble *imitation*.——*That* would be *too* much to *ask*, said Mr. Campden.—Then work them *without* solicitation, daughter, said my Papa, who sat writing, and had listened to us. Thus permitted, I, with pleasure, began them next morning, and worked early and late, to finish them against Leonard's birth-day.—I followed your pattern exactly ; but added a groundwork, the width of a narrow edging, in star stitch. My brother will not allow them to be equal to his ;—do not be displeased, Eliza, Mr. C—— likes them better !—He complimented me, by wearing them this morning ; and, as he took his leave, politely said (taking my hand), if it were possible for me to forget Miss Eglantine, her valued present would gently chastise the truant memory, and recall my gratitude !—I would willingly have said something, but could not answer !

answer ! and, with difficulty, said—fare-
well !—as I gave a hand on either side,
to my brother and his friend, as I attend-
ed them to the chaise !—My spirits
are very low indeed !—I must rest
awhile !

I am at a loss to know why you tell
me to be aware of Miss Wingham ; and
why you speak so slightly of a person
you have not seen for some years ; yet I
have been so accustomed to depend on
my dear Eliza's judgment, that I have
more particularly attended to her man-
ners, since your caution ; and indeed, of
late, I have had cause to remark, that
her disposition is not so amiable as I had
hoped. I never thought her an even
temper ; but disposition and temper are
not synonymous terms, though many
contend they are the same. Many a
well-disposed person is led into an error,
through irritable infirmity of temper,
which I am sure is sometimes constitu-
tional, and sometimes the effect of mis-
placed

placed maternal indulgence : to the latter cause I imputed Miss Wingham's petulance. She was never controled by her parents, as she is the only child ; and, on that account, I could always willingly make an excuse for her ; but she is rather unfeeling !—*That*, you know, has little to do with the temper.—She has never known any domestic distress, to be sure ; yet I think her disposition, if naturally tender, would incline her to compassionate others.—Sweet Lavinia Cottrel, has lately lost her father—her worthy, indulgent father !—My Eliza will let fall a tear at the melancholy news,—though Miss Wingham could not !—I have something very interesting to impart to you, respecting dear Miss Cottrel, and her afflicted mother ; but shall leave it till I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I entreat you not to defer much longer. Miss Wingham is very agreeable when in company only with her own sex ; and, while she was
here

here (for she left us yesterday), we often formed parties with young ladies of this village; but the moment the gentlemen joined us, she was entirely changed! They engaged all her attention, and all her discourse!—She was very assiduous to Mr. Campden, and mostly contrived to dress before me, that she might accompany him and my brother in their morning walks or rides, and would sometimes join in their amusement of fishing. She generally wears a riding-dress, and is soon ready; but it would be ungenerous to condemn her for being pleased with his company; they must be stoics who are not.

I am sorry to observe my brother's partiality towards her. I like Miss Wingham very well, as an acquaintance, and would render her all the service in my power; but I cannot say I should like to call her sister, much as I have always wished for one: there must be something very delightful in having a sister,—a tender,
interested

interested friend—who would enter into every trivial circumstance, as well as important events of life ; and by participation soften sorrow, and heighten joy !—But I, of all others, have no cause to repine, while Eliza is my “ Sister-Friend,”—my instructive correspondent,—my counsellor !——You have read Mrs. Chapone’s elegant Letters, on the Improvement of the Mind ; just such a friend as you, she recommends to one of my age ; and my Mamma often tells me to rejoice that I have found such an one !—Yet I should love to be still more nearly allied to you ! My brother little thinks how much I have his happiness at heart, when I wish Eliza would recal the words I once heard her utter, when on a certain subject with her Mamma, she said, she never would marry with one younger than herself.—I did not think much of the expression at that time ; but I have lately thought it a very rational determination, notwithstanding

standing I wish you to change it. When a lady marries, particularly if she is young, she has need of a large share of prudence and œconomy to conduct herself properly in her altered station, and should look up to her husband as her support—her superior—her guide—and her friend! —It is impossible to look *up* to a person younger than ourselves, either for instruction, or as a superior, in the intellectual sense of the word; therefore I think your resolution perfectly right, and am determined to adopt it ——— The bell rings for dinner;—to what a deserted table shall I sit down!—I shall eat but little, and return again.—I told my Mamma I should be fit for nothing to-day but writing to Miss Digby. She kindly replied, I don't wonder at that!

Three o'clock.

We have had a joyless dinner.—My Papa was serious and did not speak for some time; at last, I suppose said he, the travel-

travellers are by this time at —. Upon my word Campden's a fine youth : he is quite an acquisition to Leonard !—Indeed he is, said my Mamma.—Little more was said : and I withdrew.

I request your attention a little *longer*, my friend, to this *long* letter, while I go back to a few hours previous to the departure of my brother and his friend ;—or rather to yesterday morning ; when I rose very early, to take a solitary walk.—In my return I met Mr. Campden within half a mile of the house ;—I found he had enquired for me, and kindly came to seek me. We had scarce exchanged our morning salutations, when my brother and Miss W—— approached, to inform us breakfast waited.—After it was over, Mr. Campden proposed, as it was the last morning, to employ it in our favourite study.—We were just seated in the back parlour, when Cleopatra and my brother entered. I thought, said the former, it would be most agreeable to
Mr.

Mr. Eglantine to pass as much of this day with his sister as he could, and therefore prevailed on him to decline walking—and have challenged him for picquet;—to which they sat down in one corner of the room, and thus past the hours till dinner; when Leonard hinted a wish to shew Mr. Campden the Hermitage at ———. After tea will be time enough, continued he; and we will settle it thus:—Lionel shall drive the phaeton, accompanied with my sister, and I will escort Miss Wingham on horseback. It was agreed to: and I left the company to alter my dress.—I thought at my return Mr. Campden looked particularly happy, and, as he reached a chair for me, expressed his pleasure that the evening promised us so agreeable a ride.—My Mamma ordered tea early, and we had almost finished, when Mr. Wingham's chariot drove into the yard, with Mrs. Wingham and Miss Littleworth, Cleopatra's friend.—

This event put an end to the Hermitage scheme, as they staid tea, and took Miss W—— back with them. I flattered myself Mr. C—— looked disap- pointed; or I judged by myself. They quitted us about seven o'clock, and my Papa, and Mamma, took an airing in the phaeton themselves. Mr. Campden, myself, and brother, walked round the pleasure-grounds, till we came to the pavilion, at the bottom of the garden.—My Papa had been reading *Paradise Lost*, and had left the book on the table. We seated ourselves, and Mr. Campden, taking up the book, was beginning to read; which Leonard (who is not fond of reading, particularly serious subjects) perceiving, soon interrupted:—come, come, Lionel, said he, don't let us waste the last evening in this manner; though it is too late to go to the Hermitage, we may have a pleasant ride; I have ordered the horses, and they are by this time ready.—Mr. Campden looked
at

at him rather doubtfully.—When *could* you order the horses, said he? you have not left us since dinner.—I stepped back on purpose, returned my brother, as my sister and you came out of the house; and as you have your boots and spurs on, ready to go, I shall not think it friendly if you refuse.—Indeed, replied his friend, I cannot think of leaving Miss Eglantine at home this evening without any companion, and am rather surprised that you should urge such a request! Leonard, desirous at any rate to prevail, continued, if that is your chief objection, my sister can accompany us.—Your sister is not *caparisoned* for riding, said Lionel—before I could answer: and if you wish me to pass the evening satisfactorily, Leonard, *leave me here!*—He expressed these words with so much warmth, that Leonard, finding him determined to stay, took his whip, and, without speaking to either of us, left the pavilion!—Mr. C—— sat with his arms folded,

folded, looking after my brother, till out of sight.—I am sure he was uneasy that he had spoken so roughly ; for the moment my brother had left the garden, he abruptly rose, and hastily followed him ; but L—— had mounted his horse and rode off.—Mr. Campden returned.—I know not, said he, to which I ought most to apologize ;—to my friend, for returning incivility for kindness, or to his sister, for my behaviour to a brother she loves !—I am sorry, said I, that I have been the cause of a moment's difference between you : had I joined my Papa and Mamma, in their ride, you could have accompanied my brother ; however, when you meet again all will be right ;—therefore think no more of the matter, Sir, but do me the favour to read on, as you intended. He took the book, and saying, I fear it will be but very indifferently began—I had my netting in my pocket-book, and went to work. He had read about half an hour, when suddenly laying the
book

book aside, and leaning back in the chair, he held his hand on his left side, and respiration for a few moments ceased. I threw down my work with terrified amazement, and calling him by his name, gave him a violent shake; it revived *him*; but *I* remained in such trembling agitation, *for* a considerable time, that I could not even ask him what had caused the uncommon cessation of motion he had just suffered?—His concern and attentions at length restored me to myself, and we interchanged congratulations on each other's recovery!—He could not account for the indisposition; but thought the exertion of reading had affected the wound, which I told you he accidentally received from a cricket-ball, when walking with my brother. The pain I felt this moment, said he, was acute indeed, but momentary;—it was trifling, in comparison with what I feel at the idea of leaving, tomorrow, the blissful society in which
I have

I have past fix weeks *so* fatisfactorily ; that it pains my *very heart* to think, the separation therefrom is for *so* long a season, and *so* near at hand !

He *could* not, my Eliza, feel more than *I* did !—yet *I* was obliged (cruel custom) to *conceal* it !—You are very good, Sir, said I, as chearfully as I could, to exprefs yourself *so* politely of our family ; we shall all regret your absence, *I* am sure ; yet do not let it pain your *very heart* !—Change of place, and variety of objects, continued I (forcing a smile), will prove as this flower to you ; (presenting him a heart's-ease from my bouquet).—I shall value this, said he, for the sake of the presenter ! But neither change of place, variety of objects—neither this flower, nor its essence, can avail any thing—except—I could ever hope to receive Rose-Mary also from the fair hand of amiable Miss Eglantine !—He looked at me, Eliza, with *so* much tender and enquiring

anxiety, as if waiting my answer, that I fear my countenance, or rather my complexion, varied more than once, in the short time I remained in my seat!—For, quite at a loss how to reply, I rose, and said, upon my word, Sir, if my Mamma is returned, she will certainly be displeased that I leave her at such a late hour; you certainly forget the clock has struck nine?—He made no other reply, than, I beg your pardon—but—(taking my arm, which he gently locked within his own, as we slowly walked towards the house, and pursuing the subject he had been reading)

With *thee* conversing, I forget *all* time,
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike :
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and
 flow'r,

Glistering with dew. Fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft show'rs : and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild : then silent night,
 With

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flowers,
Glittering with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird! nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light—without *thee*, is sweet.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

We stopped involuntarily (the subject was *every way* applicable to the evening.) The “silver moon” was just rising, and appeared half-robed in variegated mottled clouds, which, flowing round her, sometimes concealed from, and then suddenly delighted us with her serenely beautiful countenance!—An innumerable brilliant train attended on the majestic queen of night, while soft and solemn choristers chaunted her praise. The humming May-flies, that heavily flew
around

around our heads, made no unpleasing
 bass (permit me to call it so) to the va-
 rious shriller notes that sooth and har-
 monize the mind of the enraptured
 listener; the *wakeful* sportive fish were
 flouncing in their cool liquid element,

And *drowsy* tinklings lull'd the distant fold.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

“Lionel ended ; but in *Mary's* ear”

So charming left his voice, that I awhile
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to
 hear.

MILTON.

Indeed, my friend, he had taught me
 geography, and conversed in the lan-
 guage of Paradise, till the terrestrial
 globe seemed almost celestial!—We
 proceeded in our walk, which he in-
 treated me to lengthen for half an hour:
 I am sure, said he, our friends are not
 returned, or we should have been sum-
 moned to supper. I cannot forgive my-
 self, Eliza, for the foolish answer I made,
 so

so contrary to my feelings!—No, no! Sir, said I, it is time for all good people to be at home now.—Can that be the opinion of Miss Eglantine? said he.—Is it possible that *good* people can prefer the cemented painted cieling of a confined room, to the beautiful azure of the “spacious firmament?” The damask hangings of the windows, to the curtain clouds of the “ethereal sky?” Or the faint glimmerings of wax candles, to the grand and glorious illuminations of heaven?—It cannot be; so far from *quitting*—*good* people *seek* such scenes—

Night is fair *virtue's* immemorial friend :
 The conscious *moon*, through every distant age,
 Has held a lamp to wisdom, YOUNG.

Let *us* then be wise, and profit by her beams. I *must* flatter myself that Miss Eglantine will not refuse, when I tell her it imports my happiness, that she should attend to me!—What could I say, Eliza?—He took advantage of my

my silence, and continued :—This is the first evening that Miss Wingham— At that instant my Papa drove to the gate ; and my Mamma alighting, came down the walk to meet us.—Unfortunate! *said* Lionel, and I *thought* the same.—My Mamma talked of their agreeable airing, &c. &c. till we reached the house, and entered the parlour. Mr. Campden walked up to my brother :—Mr. Eglantine, *said* he, I am hurt to think of the treatment you received from me this evening ; but when you know the cause, which *shall* not long be concealed from you, I am convinced you will pardon me. My brother turned coldly from him, and sat down to supper ; but, before he tasted,—No, *said* he, I will carry it no farther ;—I never yet sat down to a meal in malice with my friend, and I'll not begin to-night !—Give me your hand, Campden ; but, upon my honour, I insist on this, as your punishment, That you leave not this
room

room till one o'clock :---That you drink a bottle extraordinary ; and listen patiently while Mary sings a *round dozen* of her best songs, all of which shall be of my chusing.---They shook hands, and Mr. Campden told my brother, he should not only submit to the *punishment*, but should consider it as a conferred obligation.---Your sister don't seem in spirits for singing, said my Papa ; but no doubt she will endeavour to indulge your whim, as it is the last evening.---It was indeed a painful task ; however I performed, as well as I could, five of the number, when Leonard, naming the sixth, a favourite song from Allen Ramsay, I declined ; and intreated he would ask no more.---It is my favourite song of all your collection, Mary, said my brother ; and if you don't sing *that one*, I shall almost quarrel with you, though we are so near parting.

I'll take off the other half dozen, said he, if you will but sing *that* ; and my
Papa

Papa joined his request.—Perhaps you have never heard it, Eliza; therefore I insert it here; it is sung in that pretty Scotch entertainment, the Gentle Shepherd; but the words are not quite as I sing it.

At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee;
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.

I'll visit oft the birchen bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Soft tales of love—and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me!

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shade, and fountain;
Where summer days I us'd to share,
With thee, upon the mountain.

There tell to all the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine—by love is yours,
A heart! That ne'er can wander!

RAMSAY.

Now you have read it; do you imagine
I could sing it?—No!—not if twenty
brothers

brothers had asked me!——It would have seemed as if I had been in love with Mr. Campden, and wished to tell him so; therefore, on Leonard's urging that Lionel had never heard it, I began and sung the first line; but so high, on purpose, that at the end I said, you find, Leonard, I cannot sing it; therefore, pray excuse me; Mr. Campden interposed in my favour, and I escaped.

We sat till one o'clock, and separated. I had no more conversation, Eliza, with our worthy visitor; they left us at six this morning, and were to breakfast on the road. I believe I did not suffer a tear to fall before they were out of the house; but the moment they were gone, I retired to my room, contemplating on the interesting events of last night, till breakfast.

Now let me request, my dear friend, that you will favour me with your opinion of this respected youth, who occupies all my thoughts!——Tell me what
you

you think he meant by saying—"This is the first time that Miss Wingham——" do you think he is partial to her, and wanted to make a confidential advocate of me? And tell me what you think of Leonard's look at her, when joking about Mr. Campden's name?

Eleven at night.

What a circumstance has happened, Eliza! How I am disappointed, distressed and deceived?

Except during the interval of tea, I had kept on writing till nine o'clock, when finding myself weary by so many hours application, I asked my Mamma if she would walk to the pavilion, where I had been sitting last night with Mr. Campden.—Before we came away, I requested her to help me look for my netting-needle (which I had dropt in hurrying to Mr. C——'s assistance)—I cannot think how you happened to lose it, said my

my Mamma, and looking under a seat in one corner—I see no netting-needle, said she, but here is a letter belonging to somebody;—have you dropt one Mary?—A letter ma’am, said I, with amazement! dont open!—pray let me look.—As she was going to pick it up, a playful little puppy, which had followed us, jumped upon her hand; and held the letter fast down with his paws; scratching about till my Mamma took away her hand: then catching it up, in his mouth, ran away into the garden.—What *shall* I do, said I, he will tear Mr.—a—Miss Digby’s letter—and immediately followed him—I coursed him about for some time without success;—till, at length, a thick hedge, through which he endeavoured to creep, intercepted him, and I gained my prize.

It was not much torn; but bit and dirtied with the gravel. I had an opportunity of putting it in my pocket secretly; and taking out one of your’s, the
cover

cover of which I tore, went to meet my Mamma.—Here is poor Eliza's letter, said I! nothing is torn but the cover!—Is it Eliza's? said she. It is indeed, I replied; look at the hand. She was satisfied, and we came in.

I was sincerely glad when the clock struck ten, and soon after wished them good night; impatient to read a letter which had given me so much solicitude; and as I opened it pronounced, without intention,—dear Lionel! *this* will make amends for the interruptions of last night! What were my thoughts afterwards! I leave you to judge; at present I must bid you adieu!

With sentiments of true regard,
I remain, dear Eliza,
Your affectionate (though agitated)
Friend,

MARY EGLANTINE.

E

L E T-

LETTER VIII.

*[The following is the Letter found by Miss Eglantine
in the Pavilion.]*

Miss Wingham to Miss Littleworth.

Ramsbury, April, 1791.

“**T**RUE as the needle to the pole,” is Cleopatra to her Henrietta, whose manners correspond so exactly with my own, that among my own sex she cannot fear a rival. You ought to be very grateful to me, when I tell you, that I leave the company of two beaus, and a *fine* lady to *dedicate* (in Miss Eglantine’s language) a *moment* to my friend.

I promised to give you an account of our ball, as soon as it was over, but have

too

too much business on my hands, to keep my word. I have had enough to do, in order to place my nets judiciously, that the *House Sparrows* might be entangled in the snare!—I promised to give you an account of the gentleman mentioned in my last, who was visiting young Eglantine; but he has fallen so short of my expectation, that I shall not give myself the trouble of describing him. He is neither handsome, nor spirited; and seems so indifferent to the attractions of our sex, that I have never received a compliment from him worth listening to, since I first came!—I am so unaccustomed to such neglect, that I assure you it has picqued me extremely; not that I am vain of my person, or features; but you know, my dear, I cannot look in the glass, without knowing my eyes are *black*; and innumerable of my admirers have told me they are irresistibly piercing: whether they say true, or not, is not for me to decide; but I flatter myself

self I am sufficiently *quick-sighted* to discover that Miss Eglantine is violently in love with him : I don't think he takes so much notice of *her*, and I believe, to her mortification, *she* thinks so *too*, otherwise she would not avoid talking of him to me. I know she would exultingly dwell on his name, to shew her superior power. Few girls of my age, Henrietta, know these things better than myself. I make it my study, and pursue it as eagerly as she has done geography, since Lionel Campden (for that is his name) has been her tutor. I have not read *Novels* for *nothing* ; and, added to my own natural turn, have had frequent instructions, while at school, from the French teacher, with whom I still keep up a correspondence ; and she assures me, she has had as many admirers, and vanquished as many rivals, as any woman in France!—Don't be jealous, my dear! for though it is to my interest to keep on a pretended attachment to her, I must acknowledge it is rather beneath me, and

shall

shall drop all intercourse, as soon as I have no farther occasion for her !——She has furnished me with many a useful French letter ; for I never attended much to the language myself. I may probably have occasion for such another favour, before long ; since I am determined to retaliate, in some way or other, Mr. Campden's negligent behaviour.

I raised Miss *Eglantine*, on the morning previous to the ball, till the *poor gentle lamb* almost lost her *fine* command of temper, which her mother ascribes to her.——Fanny was dressing her hair, and she begged I would write a card of invitation to a person who had been forgotten ; the maid went out of the room to heat the curling irons, and I asked her to mend a pen for me, which she did. Now let me try if it will do, said she, and wrote the word *Lamentable*. Very well, Miss *Eglantine*, said I, I guess what your thoughts are upon ; why did not you
write

write *Lionel* at once, without mincing the matter?

You are unkindly satirical, said she, I am sure I wrote the first word that entered my thoughts.—*Indeed*, said I, and was you thinking of lamentation and woe on your brother's birth-day, and even while you were dressing to join in rejoicing? but, admitting *that*, how happened it, my dear Mary, that, contrary to custom, you wrote the adjective with a capital letter?—that was a mistake, I suppose I saw my ironical remarks took the wished effect. She coloured, turned pale, looked scornful; then pretended to pass it off with a smile; but I could see it ruffled her, and became more painful on being obliged to conceal her vexation on Fanny's returning to finish her hair.

I shall see you time enough to give you a verbal account of the ball. I confine my letter chiefly to the family description. I had, however, the pleasure of *refusing* to dance with Leonard, having previously

previously engaged myself to a partner, who attended me to Mr. E——'s; he was the greatest beau in the room, and I have not the least doubt but many of the ladies envied me; thinking him an officer, from the smart scarlet coat he wore. He is a man of fine spirit, which you know every woman thinks a principal attraction. He flew in *such* a rage once, during the evening, that I thought he would have *knocked his servant down*, for spilling a glass of lemonade over my gown!—You will be surprised that his own servant should attend him here; but he staid in order to be ready at his master's return to my father's, which being at such a little distance, did not require a carriage: therefore the servant was a guard for him in going home at so early an hour in the morning.

You may be sure the accident I have just mentioned was vexatious enough; I could willingly have reprov'd the careless creature myself;—however, I pass'd it

it off with—pray don't be concerned, Sir, it will only be an advantage to my waiting-maid, who will have my gown a day or two sooner.—But I declare it grieves me still;—my gown is quite spoiled, my dear!—The colour, thro' half a breadth, totally discharged!—I never wore it before, and sent to town on purpose to have it made by Mrs. Carter, in Tavistock-street, who makes for ladies of the first fashion. It is called the Circassian Robe; the colour a pale violet, with a white serpentine stripe. I wore a crape gauze petticoat with it, festooned with violet ribbon, and clusters of artificial orange branches; the little oranges and blossoms had a pretty effect, among the green leaves and purple ribbon!—None of the company wore feathers except myself; which pleased me much!—I like to be distinguished.—Mr. Eglantine will not let his daughter wear them; therefore she was obliged to content herself with the

the Ribbon Crown Cap!——To be sure *that* would have been very well a year ago, and still passes tolerably here; but to me, who had been accustomed to it in town so long, it appeared quite out of date!

O, *dear* Henrietta! I had nearly forgot to tell you the mortifying trick I played her on the afternoon of that day; being obliged to assist her Mamma in the requisite preparations, she was not dressed so soon as I; therefore, when I had attired myself, I entered her room, just as she had put one arm into the sleeve of a green silk gown.——My good Patty, said she (she often calls me Patty, when in high good humour) you are just come in time to help me to pull up this sleeve; it is *so* tight, I cannot bring the cuff to the elbow; and my Mamma has full employment for Fanny!——Why, sure, you are not going to wear green, said I; are you?——Why not? replied Miss E——. *You* are not so dull to require

an explanation of *my* question, said I; and assure you I can guess *your* reason for chusing that dress—Mr. Campden appeared in green, at dinner. You *know* he will not change again, and have a mind to compliment him in his own colour!—Upon my word, my dear, with all my gaiety, I would not so plainly shew my approbation of any man, as to imitate his very cloathing!—both together, you will furnish your party with an excellent subject for village discussion!—What *can* they say of us, said she?—Can I wear any gown so suitable to the season?—They *can* say, said I, that you look like two pretty parrots!—and, perhaps, they *will* say so——but come, my love, let me help you to put on the other sleeve; you will stand undetermined, till you catch cold.—No, Miss Wingham, said she, (I knew she was hurt when I was called Miss)——though I do not believe any of the company, my Mamma has invited, would make such a disrespectful remark,
and

and must assure you your levity makes you too often overleap the bounds of politeness; yet, as you have insinuated that I dress to please Mr. Campden, I will *not* wear it *now*;—and off came the gown!—just as I wished!—It would have been too much to have allowed her such an opportunity of shewing her approbation of her partner. Neither could I endure that *his* pride should be gratified by an attention so visibly designed to please.

We had half an hour's consultation before another robe was fixed on.—I advised her mouse-coloured sattin—that was too grave, and almost out of season;—then her pink lustring—that was too gay; she never wore it with pleasure, though her Mamma's choice!—At last, the wavering lady determined on white muslin!—insignificant enough; but I suppose she thought it *delicate*!—I own her green dress is exceedingly pretty, for she has looped it
up

up round the bottom with little tufted buttons of pink and white silk, which conveys the idea of thrift, and daisies bordering a smooth bowling-green. I assisted in putting some primrose buttons in like manner, round the white; but by candle-light the effect was quite lost. What a simpleton she must be!—Would *I* have been rallied out of my choice, had I thought one dress more captivating than another?—But these SENTIMENTAL damsels are as flexible as the air, and may be turned any way by our repulsive power! Her partner, however, admired her head-dress (I suppose it was new to him); I told you it was the Crown Cap!—Pale pink, and white ribband, formed the shape; and on the left side she placed a large sprig of artificial jessamine leaves and flowers. Some of her rustic neighbours have requested the pattern, and she has been charitable enough to turn millener for two or three of them!—*So would not I!*—For whenever I find an acquaintance

acquaintance has imitated my dress, I pick it to pieces, or change the fashion immediately.

It is something surprising to me, that Miss Eglantine cannot distinguish an elegant man from a clown!—Yet it is true; and though you will scarce believe me, she positively paid more attention to a young rustic of nineteen, with his unpowdered flaxen hair hanging over his forehead, and who blushed like a fool whenever he was spoke to, than to my gay, agreeable partner, who paid her so many handsome compliments!—But I judge the green-gown affair was not out of her head, and imagine she thought her neglect of the well-dressed, obliging Mr. Singleton, was a punishment to *me*; but I was a match for her there, and brushed by some of her clear-starched silk-damask old-fashioned favourites, who dis-*graced* the room, with equal contempt and dignity!

I took

I took the opportunity of writing thus far, while Miss E—— was busy in her pastry-making.—Mr. Campden asked me if *I* knew how to make tarts, jelleys, trifle, &c.?—I told him I really seldom troubled myself about such *trifling* things!—I wish I had said,—If you have a desire to learn, Sir, I will ask my Mamma's *house-keeper* for a receipt!—I wonder his enamorata will spoil her hands in such a vulgar way!—She might as well turn cook and dairy-maid at once, and save expense.

I have said nothing yet of Leonard Eglantine, jun. Esquire, except that he humbly solicited my hand for the evening; and I am much mistaken if he would not be willing to make me his partner for life. I practised no arts to gain *him*; he was easily caught; but I must try all my schemes to secure the other.—I cannot endure Leonard, he has too much of the sportsman to be very attentive to the ladies; and too little of
the

the gentleman to revel in the joys of polite life ;—to be sure his attentions to *me*, in *his way*, are unceasing ; but they have no effect : yet it is best to make him think he is a favourite, for many reasons. He has a most ridiculous custom of turning every body's name into a rebus, or some silly joke or other. I am sure I was so tired with his unmeaning nonsense one day after dinner, that, had it not been very rude, I should have left the table.—It was something about Mr. Campden's name, alluding to a lion—and his den ; but it is no matter what. Miss Eglantine began it, which I do not much wonder at ; for he certainly is, in her opinion, the king of—all biped animals.—Leonard offended me exceedingly, on the ball night, at supper : He would wait on all the ladies that evening, and would permit nothing to be handed to them but by himself.—Mrs. E. had just helped me to some ham and fowl.—I had often refused meat for supper,

per, and had frequently said, I preferred eggs and spinage to the greatest dainties :—it was on the table, and Leonard, catching up my plate, requested a clergyman, who sat on one side of me, to accept of that ham and fowl, and he would help me to what I liked better, giving me an egg and spinage. No one at table knew his meaning but myself, who understood that it was intended to tell me—if I would consent to exchange for *Eg-lantine*, he would provide a clergyman to demolish *Wing-ham*: but I can assure him, I do not want the benefit of the clergy yet; nor will I even think of matrimonial engagements on this side thirty, at least. I have no desire to be shackled and deprived of my liberty and pleasures, merely to be the *constant* companion and *faithful* friend of one.—I leave matrimony to such as the *tender* Miss *Eglantine*, and her counterpart Miss *Digby*—the former was always one of the *Humble-bees*

2

of

of our school, and *so* willing to submit to her female superiors, that there is not the least fear of her *dis-obey*-ing her husband, which, however, shall never be Lionel Campden, if I can prevent it—I will run some hazards to be revenged for his coldness to me—I take care to interrupt every opportunity for private conversation, and hope no explanation of love will take place before he goes, which will be in a few days; and as he is going to Italy for a year, I may form many plans before he returns.

I must observe, that much as I despise Leonard for his remarks upon names—I cannot help thinking there is more virtue in a name than many people imagine; at least, my own is so well suited to my inclination of subduing the hearts of the opposite sex, that I could never have been what I am, if a less than Cleopatra had been given me—Surely some kind fairy presided at my baptism, and, seeing the shining figure
I might

I might make in the world, resolved I should have a name by which to be distinguished.—At seven years old I had heard of the beauty of Cleopatra; and, as my years increased, I thought I might probably possess some of her attractions. If then Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, subdued Marc Antony, why may not the inferior Cleopatra Wingham subdue the equally inferior Lionel Campden? I am sure, had my name been Mary—Sarah—Elizabeth—or Ann—I could not have had a turn for the enterprising love intrigues I am about to put in execution.—Only take notice of my words, Henrietta, and you will find there is something like inspiration in a name;—it must have been his name which inspired Lunardi with a hope of arriving at the Moon; because (naturally enough) he might think himself related to Luna. And what do you think occasioned a celebrated singer, to treat the Oxonians with *bitterness*; but because she must

must think it would have disgraced her name to have behaved with *sweet* condescension to those from whom she expected that homage due to her talents.—I have never read the Bible since I left school ; but I know there is something mentioned about the bitter waters of —, I forget what ; and how can we tell but the same streams are now to be met with in some part of the world—and why not in her native place.—It is not improbable, if she is a protestant, that the clergyman might use that very bitter water when she was christened ; if so, her behaviour at the Commemoration of Handel, for which she was called, *insolent, disdainful*, and I don't know what, is doubly accounted for : and though all the Eglington family, and all the enraged collegiates of Oxford, with *Leo* at their head, should join in condemning her, I will stand up in her defence, and declare it my opinion,—that her conduct proceeded merely from that natural
desire

desire and *hope* which every one feels to keep up the honour—the dignity—the virtue of their name—till they lose it—which, you know, with our sex, is always the case when we marry. —I have a notion that Miss Eglantine would give a trifle to have such a name as mine!—Mary is not a name fit for a girl in love! Who ever met with a heroine in a novel, called Mary? It *may* have been, but it must have been a *very* stupid novel, or a very stupid heroine.—Eglantine, indeed, is well enough—it brings to one's mind rosy arbours and sweet perfumes; but what then? *Matrimony*, as I said before, will rob her of *that* fine name, and all its appurtenances, if I have not the friendship to keep her from it—which, if I do not perform, in vain my name is

CLEOPATRA. W

O! my dear friend! in what a dilemma have I been involved, since I wrote the above, which is now two days:

days : that uncouth scratch, instead of my firname, will soon be accounted for.—

You have often heard me say, Miss E—— is always employed, till about one o'clock, in the domestic affairs of the house, with her mother ; *that* time I generally take in my own room, or in walking, reading, &c.—However, as I had long begun this letter, and thought my poor dear girl would begin to think I neglected her, the morning induced me, on Thursday, to retire to the summer-house, in order to finish it.—I had seen Mr. Campden, Mr. Eglantine, and his son, go down to the canal, early, with their fishing-rods ; and as they seldom return from that sport till near dinner, I thought to enjoy a few hours with my paper friend ;—however, just as I had finished my Christian name, I heard a step upon the gravel, just by the door !—I gave a sudden start, and my pen made that great blur, instead of a W——, when in walked Leonard, swinging

ing his round hat in his hand, as if it was too weighty for his head to carry.—My lovely fugitive, said he, flapping himself down in a chair, with an air of gallantry, why hast thou permitted me to search for thee so long in vain?—Why did not sympathetic love prompt the beautiful Cleopatra, to seek the youth, whose thoughts and steps are ever turned to her?—Why, I repeat, did not congenial sentiments assure her, that her adoring Leonard could not remain in peace, and lose so favourable an opportunity of an hour's uninterrupted felicity in her company!——O that I had the optics of an eagle, said he, that I might, uninjured, enjoy the vivifying yet humid beams of sprightly joy, and melting softness, which darting, or more mildly glistering, from the eyes of so much matchless beauty, first inspires the heart with rapture almost insupportable, and then softly calms the tumult, but leaves the beholder in a reverie of melting fondness,

ness, equally destructive of his peace, and beyond the power of words to utter!

He stopt there; but soon began in the same strain; scarce allowing me an interval to reply, till his volubility giving way to ecstasy, he flew from his seat, and snatching me in his arms, would certainly have imprinted one of his Oxford-kisses on the lip or cheek he had just been comparing to alabaster and coral, had I not fortunately guarded them, by giving him a swingeing slap in the face; which made him retreat as precipitately as he had sprung forward!—(It is the only way, my dear!—Nothing but *dignity* will do with these violent animals!)—He stood amazed, a few moments!—then sitting down—Upon my word, madam! said he, I must own, (as a noble Lord once said by a fair lady) that you are—a *striking beauty*, indeed!—That was no common stroke; it was levelled with the skill of a conqueror.—Cleopatra,

patra, the *victorious*, gave it, and Leo, at last, is vanquished!—What now remains for me but to surrender! and if I *must* be doomed to misery, by her hatred and severity!

I'll bear it calmly, tho' a grievous woe!
And thus caress the *band* that gave the blow!"

which indeed he almost devoured, before I could get it free!—I, however, kept scornfully silent, and he continued—

But why did I return from the sport!
—Why did I interrupt the fair incognita, when, perhaps, she was pouring forth the soft effusions of her heart to some (detested, as more favoured) rival!—And then, Henrietta! lifting up the newspaper, which, on his entrance, I had laid over my letter, snatched up my epistle!—I then, indeed, broke silence from real anger—Apprehension,—and dread.—but all my skirmishes—remonstrances—intreaties,—and almost tears, had no effect!—He broke from me—rolled it up,

and put it in his pocket.—Forgive, said he, my angry fair one, this harmless theft;—it shall be no injury to you!—I will not shew, nor reveal its contents to another; and though perhaps this letter may contain (if to a rival) sentiments that make war against the happiness of slighted Leonard;—yet I must, and will, take it at all events!—Time and absence, if my fears prove true, must use their power to regain my serenity and peace of mind!—Allow me, therefore, Madam, to retire; and rest assured, that whatever I may see, it shall not be divulged!—I could not help myself,—and away he went.

Can you conceive, Henrietta, what were my feelings, at that moment?—Reflect only on the contents, and you will shudder for me!—I am sure, had you known, at the time, of my distressful situation, you would have bestowed a gentle shower of tears, in sympathy with those which flowed in torrents from my

F

eyes!

eyes!—I am not apt to indulge that kind of softness, but, in such a case, who could have restrained it?—In half an hour—Alas! said I, it is all over with me, by this time!—Ah, what will become of me?—lost Cleopatra!—In imagination, I heard Mr. Eglantine vociferously say,—Put the horses in the phaeton;—and do you, John (to the footman) take her from my house!—Mrs. Eglantine seemed to accost me with sharp invective, and pointed admonition.—Miss ——, alarmed and agitated, more mildly, yet severely, chastising me!—The brother—spinning his hat on his left hand, (a trick he has when angry) silently looking at me, sometimes with ferocity, sometimes contempt!—and Campden, the lover,—of whose mistress I would have deprived him—whose friends I had traduced, and for whose self I was setting my traps, storming like ten thousand furies!

I sat

I sat so long, ruminating on the consequences which might ensue, that the bell rang for dinner, and I had no power to move, till Miss Eglantine came to seek me!—Observing I had been crying, she made a full stop!—My dear Cleopatra, said she, what is the matter?—What can possibly have happened to afflict you so?—Tell me, Patty, and if I cannot sooth, at least let me share your anxiety!

After several attempts, I told her the circumstance—and shaking my hand—O, you silly girl, said she, is that all? (and laughed at me) I thought you had known my teasing brother's tricks before now.—Let him read the letter, (though I really dont think he will) *I* write nonsense enough to Miss Digby, and should not *wish* my letters to be seen; but really it would not make me miserable if they were;—and indeed it is childish, Patty!—So wipe your eyes, and come in to dinner.—I could not.

Then

—Then I will fetch him, said she, to answer for himself—and left me; presently returning, hand-in-hand with her brother.

Here is the culprit, said she;—he has confessed his fault, and pleads—*guilty*!—At that word I covered my face with my apron, and rested it on my arms, on the table.—*Guilty* I am, said he, fair lady!

But let a youth thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for *Peace*, but finds *Despair*,
Companion of his ways!

Kindly hast thou veiled thyself to hide my confusion from observation, injured Madam! continued he.—How shall I atone for my fault?—Fatal curiosity!—offspring of jealousy!—that has caused me to give an hour's uneasiness to a mind like your's, so amiably inclined, to admit and diffuse that cheerfulness of which you are yourself the source!—Mortal *should* not kneel to mortal,

mortal, and the man who, to obtain forgiveness, or enforce his suit, pays adoration to a woman, passes the highest affront on her understanding!

—I have no intention to encrease my fault, yet, (though this marble-hearted table stands between me and pardon,) I will submissively *bend* before my judge, and faintly hope for favour.

—Well, thought I, here is irony with a vengeance!—He assured me he would not divulge the contents of my letter, therefore (his sister present) he is telling me his opinion in words directly opposite, and by asking *my* pardon, informs me what he expects from me.

I neither moved nor spoke!—She is inflexible, said he, but I deserve it!—Unhappy Leonard! how art thou to be restored to her esteem?—But, dearest lady, if my approbation of the contents of this epistle can avail any thing—I will assure you I have not found one mis-placed word—one blot—one scratch
—nor

—nor one interlineation throughout!—
 Neither have I met with a sentence that
 has given me pain!—I am ashamed of
 my suspicions, and declare I do not be-
 lieve my beloved Miss Wingham ca-
 pable of distressing the feelings of her de-
 voted *Leo*!—And though a regiment of
 rivals should contend for her affection
 and correspondence,

I'm sure *her* pen will ne'er a thought reveal,
 That angels may not hear, and virgins tell!

PRIOR.

Therefore if, after all these concessions,
 charming Miss Wingham, thou art still
 inexorable, I will tear that muslin veil
 from thy beauteous countenance, and,
 by changing myself, like the camelion,
 to every colour, till I find out that which
 delights thy brilliant eyes, *oblige* thee not
 only to *forgive*, but also *smile* upon me!
 —He snatched my apron aside; and
 seeing I had really been crying, looked
 at

at me, and then at his sister, with surprise.

Is it possible, said he seriously, could Miss Wingham *really* think I had read her letter? explored the secrets of friendship!—How mean an opinion must she entertain of me?—Receive again the letter, just as I found it!—To me the inside is as fair as the blank appearance without; for I give you my honour, Miss Wingham, it has not been examined!

What reviving words were those!—I cannot express the pleasing sensations that glowed in my almost expiring *spirit*, as he finished the closing sentence! Yet though my fears were removed, my face was not in a state to be seen; and I could not comply with Miss Eglantine's entreaties to go in; who said, we had already made her Mamma wait; and that Dr. Linctus was come to dinner.—That was an additional reason for my absence; and I begged her to make some excuse.

Go,

Go, Maria, said her brother, tell my father I am—tell him I have been—tell him any thing you—you can think of——. I shall frame no falsehood for either of you, said she; make up your stories between you—and went away.

Mr. Eglantine then drew his chair nearer to mine, and made a thousand apologies for having, in mirth, offended me;—I thought it requisite now, that I should be indulgent, and behaved with all the seeming affection I could counterfeit; he solicited a salute, the seal of confession, and forgiveness; and I inclined my cheek!—at that instant a wood-pigeon hovered, out,

Take t—w—o — Co--w--s Taf—fy!

and why not two kisses? said Leonard and snatched another!—I gave him a tender smile, and he was again in raptures!

A thought has just struck me, said he that I hope will be agreeable to you;—
excuse

excuse
me.

In
with
and a
little
table.
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obser
self!

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dinne

excuse me a moment—and quitted me.

In a quarter of an hour he returned, with a table cloth,—a small pigeon pie, and a few tartlets, &c. in a tray. The little black boy followed with some table-beer, and a bottle of wine. He did not let the boy assist, lest he should observe me, and laid the cloth himself!

What *are* you about, Mr. Eglantine? said I.—Only preparing for a comfortable refreshment, he replied; I told the good people that you and I had an inclination for a snug *tête-à-tête* meal, if they had no objection.

Is the boy turning butler, or fool? said my father. Dr. L—— shook hands, —Maria gave me an arch smile, and Campden stared with curiosity, which I told him, if he offered to gratify, should be answered with the pop of a pistol; and good Mamma helped her son to his dinner.

I must acknowledge I enjoyed the frolic mightily, and strove to render myself as agreeable as I could to my host! I knew Campden could not leave the room while a visitor was there, or I should not have staid so patiently to have given him an opportunity of entertaining his turtle-dove, and was therefore much chagrined at receiving a message from Mr. Eglantine, requesting my company in the parlour. However, we had staid full two hours, and my *face* was now *fit* to be seen. L—— attended me, and I took his offered arm!—Miss Wingham, said Mr. E——, senior, I took the liberty of sending, to beg the favour of a song. Dr. Linctus has a great desire to hear *Taly-Ho!* and I think you sing it as well (almost) as Mrs. Wrighten. I really thought it rude to send for me merely to please *him*, and assured Mr. Eglantine I had such a troublesome cough, that I was certain I could not compass

compass so difficult a song, and must beg the company to excuse me.

Never mind your cough, said Leonard, here's Linctus at hand; and as to the doctor himself, I am sure if he cannot cure, he will excuse the *gruffness* of your otherwise clear pipe.

So, so, Master Leonard, said the Doctor, though you have left off flying your kite, you still continue to play with names, I find; but, what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh!—How I dislike those proverbial people, Henrietta; they are such *wou'd-be* wits!—However, as he is called an apothecary, perhaps he had a mind to tell Mr. Campden, (to whom he is a stranger) that he is a *surgeon* also!—I tell you what, Sir, said Leonard, if playing with names, is a disease that has entered *my* bones, I may thank you for conveying it there, in a sweet mixture, from one of your blue striped gallipots.

Mr.

Mr. Linctus (I call him Mr. though the Eglantines compliment him with Doctor at every word) laughed excessively. I shall never forget that circumstance, said he, nor will you ever see me, I believe, without thinking of a cough. Pray, sir, said Mr. Campden (who seemed mightily pleased with the chattering apothecary, and paid him as much respect as if he had been worth two thousand a year, when he has but a hundred and fifty, except his business, which, I believe, is not very extensive), do inform me how this peculiar custom originated:—for he was so distinguished that way at college, that our fellow-students called him the universal Carver and Polisher of Names. It was a mere childish nonsensical circumstance, said Mr. E—— sen. and will not bear relating.—To those who love children, and observe their droll observation, said Mrs. E. childish actions are interesting, and a fond mother will listen to the entertaining

taining narrative of a doll, or the adventures of a peg-top, with as much pleasure as an admiral does to a naval history. In an elegant book, entitled "the Tales of the Castle," those parts which relate to the manners of children are not the least of its merits ; but to be sure, what my son alludes to, is very trifling ; yet, as he observes, I believe it was from the gallipot, or its contents, he received the disease. Well, I *will* tell you how it was, *however*, sir, said Mr. L—— : and Mr. Campden, putting his arm over the back of his chair, respectfully listened to him. When Master Leonard was a little fellow in petticoats, and about as high as the table, he had been walking one evening with his Mamma's maid :—Fanny lives here still, said Leonard. Does she, indeed, said the Doctor, that looks well. Well, sir, as this young gentleman was passing my shop, in his way home, he must needs come and bid me good-night.—I was always attached to children ! and his voice faltered :

faultered :—he finished his glafs of wine. —I know he loft a fon at five years old, who would now have been juft the age of Eglantine, had he lived ; but I can hardly think the recollection of what happened fo long ago could affect him ftill ; perhaps he ftopped to recollect the ftory right.

I believe I was more indebted to the fweet things I fold, than to his friendfhip, at that time ; however, I defired the maid to let him ftay an hour or fo, and I would fend him home.—I was very bufy, and did not take much account of him for half an hour :—he had pounded nut-fhells in the mortar, weighed orange-peel, and whatever he could find, in the fcales ; opened the drawers, and fmelt in the jars ; but, unfortunately, I had given him nothing to eat ; at laft, fideling up to me, and hacking—Upon my thoul, Doctor, faid he, I have got a thad cough, and Mamma won't give me any thtuff to take.—Upon your
foul,

Soul, said I, naughty boy!—how dare you say such a word!—you shall never taste another bit of barley-sugar, nor spanish liquorice again, if you ever say so any more—and I'll fasten you down in one of the jars—or I don't know whether I won't pound you in the mortar, as you have just done the nut-shells! Poor little fellow, how innocent he looked, and, setting up his lip, trotted away to Mrs. Linctus, who was sitting in the parlour behind the shop.—*She* nursed, and tried to comfort him, but that was only productive of grief; and the more she endeavoured to console, the louder he cried (which Mrs. Eglantine observed was always the case with humoured children—especially such a pet as *I*, Mamma, said Leonard).—At length, having finished weeping on Mrs. L——'s shoulder, he was set down again, and, by degrees, crept to the door, and peeped.—Step this way, my man, said I—it's all over now; and, as you are told it is very wicked

wicked to say such words, I am sure you will be a good boy till next time:— (that set him quite at ease, and he capered up to me in a variety of postures and directions)—So now for something to cure this cough; and setting him on the counter, I gave him a piece of stick liquorice;—he bit it—sucked it—and looked at it—but it had not the right relish: at last, he was obliged to lay it aside, making a strange hemming—thith nathty thtick, said he, makth me cough worth:—give me thome of that ink-dutht ath I had wonth at home.—Ink-dust, child, said I, I don't know what you mean; nor could he explain it any other way, than by telling me his Mamma called it so.——I was obliged to ask my man if any powders had been sent for him while I was away—He talks of nothing but ink-dust, said I—He considered a moment, and recollected that some *Linctus* had been sent for his cough about a month before.——I *thbed* ink-dutht,

dutht, Doctor, ath plain ath I could thpeak, said he.—So you did, my dear, replied I; and it is very odd that I could not tell what you meant, because it is *my* name.—Wath it your name that I took for my cough, said he—I liked it dearly—I could eat it, thpoonful after thpoonful, if I *had* it *now*. I understood his hints, and reached down a large galipot, from which I gave him a little in a cup; but, leaving the whole in his way, as I was called to a carriage which stopped with Capt. H——, who detained me, I found, at my return, that the young gentleman had not been satisfied with what I gave him, but had helped himself with his fingers, till he *could* eat *no* longer.—How ill he was after that, said Mr. Eglantine; he had surfeited himself to such a degree, that it brought on a fever, which, we feared, would have finished the young rogue.—It is no wonder, then, Leonard, said Mr. Campden, that you walk so fast always
by

by a doctor's shop; no doubt the smell brings the consequences of your cough, or of your sweet palate, to your mind.—But he *bad* no cough, said Mrs. E——, it was merely artifice, practised for the sake of gain.—I did not see him again for three months afterwards, said Dr. L——, and he had left off his petticoats;—I called him in, and asked him if he would have any more Linctus.—No, I thank you, thir, said he, for fear I thould thpill it down my new clothe.—But, Mamma, said Miss E——, that was not the only circumstance that taught my brother to make remarks on names—Fanny assisted in that custom.—He asked her one day, sir (turning to Mr. L——), why you was called Linctus? and she told him, because you was a doctor.—Oh, then, said he, I thuppothe my Mamma givtha thilling a week, and meat, and drink, to the poor woman that comth here every day, becauth
her

her namth Empty*; and Fanny said, yes—(I don't know that I ever heard her say so much as that at once since I have been here)—I know she is ashamed to talk before Mr. Campden, and he took notice enough of what she said. If she had made a mistake, he would have found it out, for he looked at her, and smiled all the time she was speaking (but her speech was not finished yet):—And one day, when Farmer Hay came to pay his rent to my Papa, Leonard pulled him by the coat, and said—Pray, Mithter Hay, do you give your name to the hortheth—Dr.Ink-duthth name made me thick—and then he made me come vell again. But pray, Miss Eglantine, said Mr. Campden, how is it that you record these little stories of your brother's lisping days;—I have a notion, that at the time you mention, he could

* This is not a fictitious name.

have

have taken your little personage, and have shaken you to atoms ; we must, therefore impute it to sisterly affection, that retains every account you have heard of him ; and that consideration gives your hearers a double pleasure, when you condescend to indulge them with five minutes conversation.—How foolish he made her look ; for I am sure if she thought as I did, she imagined he suspected her of a falsehood.—She only replied, I believe, sir, my Mamma told me.—I did, my dear, said Mrs. E——, and was not pleased with Fanny for leading him into an error in his infant days, which is often of more consequence than persons unacquainted with children are aware of :—thus ended this unmeaning discourse.—I cannot think how—Mr. Campden, whom they cry up as such a sensible man, could sit with patience as he did, to hear such a preamble, interspersed as it was, with quaint proverbs, at almost every period.—Leonard

ward now observed, that the song was not to be dispensed with, and they unanimously joined in soliciting.

Nothing but *Tally-ho* would do; and as Miss Eglantine never accustoms herself to sing hunting songs, I was determined, for once, that *I would not*, and especially after I had refused: you know, it is not an easy matter to make me break my word. They at last grew tired of soliciting, and asked Miss E——, who, after some slight apologies, began

With sage retirement let me dwell,
And taste each heart-felt bliss!

That was a sentimental song, picked out, no doubt, to please a certain gentleman. Linctus and Campden praised the song, and the singer; but Mrs. Eglantine said, (which I knew was levelled at me) pray, gentlemen, have done with compliments,—I think the favour is always done to the singer, who should rather thank those
who

who are so kind to listen.—I was again called on by Mr. Linctus *only*; and I told him I would favour him with any one, except The Sportsman, but that was really too much for me at present.—Then we will excuse you, Miss W——, said Mrs. E——; had you sung the song particularly desired, we should have been much indebted to you; but as *that* is so *very* painful, I cannot suppose another can be *very easy*, therefore you will oblige me by not attempting *any*!

A short silence now ensued; till Mr. Linctus, taking a paper from his pocket-book, addressed himself to Mr. Eglington:—As I must think of taking my leave in half an hour, Sir, said he, in a lower voice, permit me to explain the business which has afforded me the pleasure of dining with you to-day;—and as distressed merit never applied in vain to you, I shall make no apology for offering this subscription, and requesting a small contribution which your humanity will readily

readily comply with, when I inform you it would be gratefully received by the afflicted widow and amiable daughter of our late worthy Rector, whose virtues were too well known, to need recounting here.

Added to the distress of losing such a support and friend, Mrs. Cottrell, and her dutiful child, Lavinia, are left in a situation that every feeling mind must compassionate, and every friend, according to his finances, will readily assist. Mrs. Cottrell is at too great a distance from a son, whose filial duty was the first blessing his father knew, and whose ready purse (for he has the power) would be at her disposal.—He does not yet know of his or their misfortune!—when he does, the mother will not be dependant, nor the sister want a protector. If Mr. Eglington had *wisbed* to refuse, he *could* not well escape; don't you think this Linctus managed the matter with some art, in saying *every friend* according to his *finances*,
will

will readily *assist*. I cannot approve of that method of raising supplies for a *friend*; the collector ought to be a very *honest* man. I don't mean to hint any thing against Mr. Linctus, I only say, it *ought* to be an *honest man* who *gathers* subscriptions! and you will find my remark true, when I inform you of his success here.

Mr. E—— replied, an unfortunate person pointed out by *you*, Doctor L——, would have been sufficient to have engaged that part which providence has kindly lent me, to distribute; but the concomitant circumstances you have related, in regard to a family so deservedly esteemed, engage me doubly; and I beg you not to receive the trifle, I add, as a gift; but as a duty enjoined me, that cannot be dispensed with. I wish my son and daughter to know, that as they must one day give an “account of their stewardship,” they must not hide their “talent in a napkin!”—Pray, Sir, said Leonard,

Leonard, where is Lieutenant Cottrell now? He and I were great friends.—I *did* value Lieutenant Cottrell, said he; and, turning suddenly round, I regarded him as my brother!—that I did.—It was impossible that *you* should avoid it, said Mr. L——,

Congenial passions *souls* together bind!

And Lieutenant Cottrell was a lad after your own heart, Master Leonard. He is now in the island of St. Lucia; but I am told that island is so unhealthy, that he has been attacked by a dangerous epidemical fever, twice during the twelve-month he has been absent.

I hope he will return safe to his friends, said Mrs. E——, when Admiral S—— comes home; the newspaper mentions his intention of sailing for England in a few days.—But what is your subscription, general or private? said Mr. E——. It is a private con-
G
tribution,

tribution, Sir, said Mr. L——, at least so far private, that it has only been levied among those who know something of the family, and are interested in their welfare.—Myself and Mr. Vigilant are the sole collectors, and we have gained a tolerable sum already. We set down our names to five guineas each, that no one might offer less; and the highest I have received is twelve, which was more than I could have expected, or desired, from the quarter it came.—I am glad, said Mr. E—— it is in my power to go a little farther, and gave him a twenty-pound-note—which the other took with as many thanks as if it had been for himself—Young Mr. E—— begged to add five guineas, because they were related to the young Lieutenant.

My heart,—father! said he, as he took out the money,—do you remember the battle he and I had about four years ago, in the paddock?—If your father don't, I do, said Mrs. E——; for I shall never forget

forget the fright I was in, yet he would not suffer me to come and part you, but stood at the window and laughed!—He is fit for the sea, said Mr. E——, for if he should ever be a commanding officer, he possesses too much humanity to use unnecessary severity to those under his power;—too much honour to deprive them of their rights,—and too much spirit to be imposed on with impunity. His poor father drew his picture a short time before he went abroad;—he was drawn as a hunter, as having just quitted the chace, and was dragging home, in one hand, the head of a furious beast, which had attacked him in his way;—and, under the other arm, he carried a lamb, which was supposed to have been left helpless in the fields. He had taken off a soft kerseymere waistcoat to wrap it in; and it was really an interesting picture.

How fond I am of emblematic paintings, said Miss Eglantine; *that*, at once,
discovered

discovered the courage and tenderness of Lieut. Cottrell; it was a thought something like that which the statuary had, who carved Mrs. Draper's monument, which is now in the college at Bristol.—Don't you remember, Miss Wingham, the fine figure of Genius, with a lighted torch; and the soft mild looking *Goddeſs*,—or whatever you call her,—*Benevolence*, with the neſt of pelicans?—What was the inſcription, Patty? you and I both wrote it.—Indeed I forget, ſaid I, for I loſt the paper.

She conſidered a moment, then recollecting, O, ſaid ſhe, it was

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. ELIZABETH DRAPER,
IN WHOM
GENIUS AND BENEVOLENCE
WERE UNITED.

That lady was the celebrated Sterne's Eliza—Miſs E——, ſaid Mr. Campden,

den, who had sat till she had done speaking, changing his purse from hand to hand.—Mary has read none of Sterne's works yet, Sir; said Mrs. E——, except the Sentimental Journey. And now the conversation flagged again, which gave Mr. Campden an opportunity of shewing *his* generosity.

I hope, Sir, said he, to Mr. Linctus, you will give me leave to follow the example of my friends, and contribute the contents of my purse to those who (*so* recommended) must be deserving. I regret that I have so small a portion to offer, therefore beg you not to expose it to view. The purse is not of the least consequence; I have several more. My sisters are so good to supply me with that article.

Mr. Linctus looked surprised!—I suppose he did not expect such a threefold supply. He, however, put it in his pocket, and was going to write the names.—There is no occasion to set
down

down the names, Doctor, said Mr. E——, that is a ceremony I had rather dispense with.

Give me leave to follow my own opinion, in that particular, said Dr. L——; the sum you have so generously bestowed may induce others to do the same.—On that condition Mr. E—— agreed.—Dr. L—— then required Mr. C——'s name, who declined; saying, The note you received from Mr. E—— is sufficient for example, Sir; and, as a stranger, my name could have no weight; and I should consider it as a disrespect to my father, whose bounty to me would have allowed me to have doubled the sum, had not some little extravagances led me to spend rather too fast since I left him; therefore must beg you to suppress it!—And mine, too, said Leonard! *That's* down already, replied Dr. L——. Down already! repeated Leonard. What do you mean, Sir, by taking the liberty of writing my name without permission?

Don't

Don't you know that I am too well acquainted with *Propriety*, to consider myself as any thing more than a cypher, when my father's at home !—Had *he* been absent, I would have *made* you set down *my name* as *master* of the house ; but as it is, please to take your pen, and blot it out, or give me my five guineas again ! I certainly shall not blot out this proof of your benevolence, said Dr. L—— ; therefore if it must be done, do it yourself ; which he did ; and the tiresome piece-of-work was ended !

I hope this sheet will finish my letter ; I am weary of relating the occurrences of this place, they have neither life nor spirit in them.—Oh, my dear girl ! what volumes shall I have to write, when I go to N——— races ; and while I am at Margate, next season !—But then I shall be so entirely engaged, I shall have no leisure for writing.

Dr. Linctus then rose to take leave. Mr. E—— entreated him to finish the evening.

evening.—You *shall*, said Leonard, and I'll drive you home if it's 12 o'clock.—I have depended on a game with you, ever since I heard you was here. At what hour shall we have tea, Ma'am? said he to his mother, looking at his watch, it's 7 o'clock.—I declare, what with the *summer-house*, the dinner, and the subscription—I don't know how this day has pass'd—yet (looking at me) it has been a day that has rather interested the feelings—and he stroaked his hand over the cheek I had struck. When tea was over, he rose, and putting his hand on Mr. L——'s shoulder—Come, Sir, said he—though you cannot turn me into an apple-dumpling, as you used to do, perhaps you can beat me at trap-ball—I should like it of all things.—With all my heart, young man, said the other, as you are determin'd, I shall stay; I am willing to encounter you—and they both repaired to the bowling-green. But L—— soon stepped back, and asked me
if

if I would join them, and be Jack on both sides—and he was in earnest !

I looked very cross, and said, you must think very oddly of me, Mr. Eglantine, to suppose I would join in such a masculine exercise ; and I assure you I thought you in jest when you first spoke : he asked me several times, but I would not go.

When he had left the room, Mrs. E—— began to reprove me (upon my word, Henrietta, her insolence was that day intolerable). Miss Wingham, said she, as here are none but friends present, I must take the liberty of telling you your behaviour has not pleased me this afternoon !—Your refusal of the song was unfeeling.—If you considered yourself as Mr. L——’s superior, which is evident you did, you should the more readily have complied with his request.—As to the game of trap-ball, it is not, to be sure, to be recommended to ladies ; but really you and Mary are but two chil-

dren ; and I should scarce have expected you could distinguish yet between the propriety and impropriety of feminine amusements.—You are fond of fishing, Miss Wingham ; for my own part, I neither like nor condemn that amusement ; yet, by way of comparison, I must say, that I think it just as consistent, for a lady of delicacy to be seen striking, or running after a leathern ball, as tearing the hook from the throat of a fish !—therefore, Mary, do *you* go, and be Jack on both sides.

It is hardly right, said Mr. Campden, to send Miss Eglantine alone ; but if she will accept my services, I will gladly attend as her partner ; then, perhaps, Miss W—— will follow the steps of her friend, and join Leonard.—Mr. Eglantine, will you come and present that lady's hand to your son, and take the Doctor yourself?—You, as our elders, shall take the measurements ; Leonard and I will run for the ball, and leave nothing for
the

ladies to do, but to strike the blow.—
I was almost obliged to go; indeed it was not disagreeable to me; for I have played at trap-ball, you know, at your house, many a time; but I did not chuse they should know it.

We played till almost nine o'clock, and a rare game we had. I don't know when we should have left off, had not I, in striking the last time, split the ball in two, which obliged us to leave off;—and on Mrs. E——'s enquiring who was the conqueror?—Who should it be, said Leonard, but Cleopatra!—Indeed, said his father, she has this day struck a blow that none of us could equal; and her power must be acknowledged by those she has vanquished!—(Little did he know how far that remark might have been extended! L—— gave me a conscious look.)

I said in my last sheet, I hoped my letter would have finished there; but it was not in my power to be concise. I have
still

still a page more to write; surely that will take in the quarrel which happened between me and Miss Eglantine that night.—Yes, yes, we have had a quarrel; and I suppose Miss Digby knows it by this time; she tells all her secrets to Miss Digby, and I suppose speaks of my friends, just as I do of her's!—But what is Miss D—— to me?—Let her hear it; I cannot fetch my words back again!

You must know that Leonard made his promise good with Mr. Linctus, and drove him home at eleven o'clock at night by himself.—Miss E—— said, she would sit up till her brother returned, and then she would sleep in peace; but the truth, I believe was, that she wished for a bit of gossip with me, and sat in my room an hour.

I have been anxious, Patty, said she, the whole afternoon, to know how my brother and you settled your difference; *had* he read the letter at last?—O no, no, said I; he was guilty only of *taking* my letter;

letter ; we settled it very amicably, and have been better friends since, than ever we were before. We had the nicest dinner——!

I am glad of it, said she, but I was almost sure Leonard had not read it; though he said to me, as we came along, I confess I have transgressed!—Miss Wingham has cause to be angry; and that was the way he put off my questions.——We were silent a while. What a worthy man Dr. Linctus is, said she (I knew this was only intended to lead to Mr. Campden); how very good to take so much pains for Mrs. Cottrell and her daughter!—I wish, Patty, my Mamma would let you and I call on them; I always loved that dear good girl! and I shall never see her *now*, but I shall think of that sweet story in Thomson's Seasons :

The lovely young Lavinia *once* had friends!

and

and the *tender girl* melted into tears!—

At another time *I* might have summoned a *few* to my aid; but really *I* had cried so much for myself in the morning, that *I* had not then a single tear left to bestow on another!—So, in order to excuse myself, *I* began with *gently* reproving her for her misplaced tenderness.

It is certainly a very great misfortune, said *I*, to lose a father; and *I* know Mrs. Cottrell is esteemed by all who know her. *I* am sure *I* am very sorry for them (and really, Henrietta, *I wish* them well); but *I* think you should suppress your tears, when you know how many friends they have ready to render them every possible service; only think what was collected at your table for them to-day!—That's very true, my dear, continued she; those contributions will relieve their necessities, but cannot restore the affectionate husband to the afflicted widow, nor the tender parent to the unprotected orphan!

O, dear

O, dear Maria, said I, I know *that*; but it's a very great comfort, though, and *they ought* to remember it is not every one in distress that finds the friends which they have met with; but I wonder at your very great uneasiness just now; you did not cry when Mr. L—— related the story!—I think it would have been more natural *then*.

I knew of the death of Mr. Cottrell, said she; it is reflecting on the consequent circumstances hinted at by that good Doctor which now affects me!—yet I assure you, a tear or two stole down my cheek as he related the account, though I endeavoured to conceal it.—How foolish that was, said I; it would have given Mr. Campden (I found she would not mention his name) a proof of your sensibility!—I don't know that, said she; Mrs. Chapone says, that neither tears nor fears are becoming in a woman, unless they are involuntary, and shun observation.

O, but

O, but a lover, you know, said I, don't see with the same eyes as a friend. Campden would have valued them more than drops of gold!—Gold, indeed, he seems to care little about, or I think he would not have given away purse and all; but to be sure there might not be a vast deal in it.

Mr. Campden is no lover of mine, Cleopatra, I assure you, said she; I am sure he never entered on the subject of love with me, but always respectfully converses on such topics as I can with propriety join in.—Insinuations of that kind from you are rather too frequent, and at this time *unseasonable*!—I really am not disposed for, nor equal to, your satirical mirth.

Now, indeed, Maria, said I, there is more consistency in my behaviour than your's; because it is far more natural to be merry, after such a bout as we have had to-night in the bowling-green, than to sit down crying, and making one's self melancholy,

melancholy, about an affair which (tho' it is very unfortunate) was not in our power to prevent.

That kind of stoic philosophy may be safe, said she, but it is by no means natural, in my opinion ; and if you talk of consistency, was it more consistent for you to grieve in the manner you did, and put yourself into such an agitation, that you could not come in to dinner, merely because my brother had, in play, taken an epistle, which, if he had perused, would only have caused a few jokes on the insignificance of youthful female correspondences, than for me to bestow a few tears, as the just tribute due to suffering virtue!—I think, Cleopatra, we had better——say——good night——for I see we shall not be concordant in our opinions ; and was going.

Stop a moment, Maria, said I ; I must beg you will say no more about that letter ; I suppose you wish to see it?—You don't know the reason I had for uneasiness ;

ness ; and therefore cannot judge ; (she sat down again) ; and indeed you snap one up so, if one says but half a word, that I shall be glad when I return home ; even your mother treats me unkindly ! She gave me a more severe rebuke, this afternoon, than ever I had from my own Mamma in my life.

I am astonished, I *am* astonished, said Miss E—— !—You suppose I wish to see the letter !——not by any means, Patty !—I have no curiosity that way.—As to snapping you up,—I do not comprehend your meaning ; I have not spoken with any unbecoming warmth, but it is right to vindicate myself ; and *now* I have also my *friends* to defend !——I think my Mamma shewed her regard for you, when she told you of an error, which, if repeated in different companies, must draw on you the imputation of haughtiness !——But really, Cleopatra, in order to vent your anger on *me*,
you

you speak ill of my relations, and even our visitors!

I certainly observed your insinuation respecting Mr. Campden's generosity, (I knew, Henrietta, I had left a sting behind, which would be felt soon or late, and I should have been much mortified if she had not shewn it), though I meant to have pass'd it over, if you had not provoked me beyond my weak powers of forbearance!—There was a degree of meanness in your suspicion, that Mr. Campden's purse contained a mere trifle; or, in other words, that he wished, by the method he took, to make the company imagine he had given more than he did.—In my opinion, that act of voluntary benevolence, and the manner of it, proved that innate humanity—virtuous emulation—and, as it were, sensitive presence of mind, and native politeness—co-operate to render that amiable youth an ornament to his friends and society!—Had he not possessed humanity, he might have

have with-held his donation !—I am sure no one expected it from him !—He wished also to emulate the benevolence which distinguishes *my* dear Papa ; and in so doing, did honour to his *own* parents ! His sensitive feelings induced him to conceal what sum he had given, lest it should seem a reproof to my brother, who had not contributed so much ; for I can tell, within a very little, what it was he gave, because, just before dinner, he begged my Papa to oblige him with cash for a ten-pound note, and he did not leave the room afterwards, to put it away.

I saw him turn his purse inside out, some crumbs of bread had got in, and there was a guinea or two at the other end, when he took out the note.—I did not interrupt her ; and she said, on actions that have an *exceptionable* aspect, we should judge *favourably* ; but on those which deserve praise, to put unfavourable constructions, is a meanness of which

I did

I did not think you capable: and I assure you, Miss Wingham, however you may be disposed to rally me, and call Mr. Campden my lover, this action of his appears to me so very praise-worthy, that I shall respect, honour, and——there——that's my brother ringing, so I shall stay no longer.

O Ma'am, said I, you are very welcome, you are vastly welcome!—You may love, honour, and *obey* him too, if you please, I don't want to hinder you, for he is not a beau to my mind, I can assure you.

She was not out of hearing; but did not chuse to give me an answer!—However, her ladyship condescended to call on me again, as she past my door, and wished me good-night.—Step this way, Miss Eglantine, said I; I will acknowledge Mr. C——'s benevolence, now you have told me what it was, and pointed out the reason why he concealed it, appears to me in its true light, and I

am not surpris'd that you approve it!—
But *do* you think it is commendable to
put such a sum into the hands of an en-
tire stranger, (as Dr. L—— was to
him) without receiving any acknowledg-
ment, or without any witness, to affirm
how much he received?

Now don't begin to look serious, and
fancy this, and that, and t'other!—I
am not going to say any thing to hurt
the character of Dr. L——; but we
know he has a large family, and we know
he has had many private losses, which
are not publicly known: under these
circumstances, you will allow that ne-
cessity is an enemy to integrity; and as
Doctor Linctus deals so much in pro-
verbs, of course he has not overlooked,
“Charity begins at home!”

Heaven forgive you, Miss Wingham!
said Miss E——, what can you mean—
to hint that—good Dr. L—— will pur-
loin the property of Mrs. C——? In-
deed

deed I shall cease to respect you, if you show yourself in colours so despicable; but I will hope you have made those observations merely to offend *me*.—I will not impute it to your natural disposition; yet I think it is much of a piece with your satire on poor Betsy Thorn, who dined here once in a silk gown.—Well, said I, and considering what your Papa and Mamma did for her and her family, I still say it was a shame that she should wear it.—I think when a girl can visit her benefactor, dressed out in a silk gown, she is no longer in need of assistance.—How often our weak judgment leads us astray, said she. That very gown was a present from dear Miss Digby, though I did not tell you so at the time, because that lady and you had had a disagreement, and I did not wish to mention her to you till it had blown over.—Then you might have spared yourself the trouble *now*, said I, for to tell you the truth, it is not blown over yet:

yet:—*That lady* and I could never agree, and glad enough I was when she left off school. I assure you, Miss Eglantine, you will not see me very often, when she comes to visit you:—for though she is twenty-six, and I am but a *child*, as your Mamma was pleased to say yesterday—I think I have as much right to have an opinion of my own as herself, which never was allowed me when she was by; and, in my own terms, she is a mischief-making, prudish, hypocritical, upstart, young woman.—And there you may finish, said Miss E——, for I can contend with you no longer—I shall only say, Miss Wingham, that I am sorry, *excessively* sorry, that my brother likes you so well:—so once more good night.—*O ! bon soir, Mademoiselle*, said I, that's the same meaning as your plain English; and pray don't alarm yourself about your brother—for I don't wish to be your sister, I can tell you; but

but she was gone before I said the last sentence.

We never had such a set-to before.——I wonder what her admirer would have thought of the mild countenanced virago, if he had seen her:—we were as cool as fresh cucumbers all the next day; and now we are civil again, but not quite cordial.——She told me this morning, that her Mamma has invited Mrs. Cottrell and her daughter to dine with us to-morrow—so my letter is not finished yet; I wonder how much longer I shall carry it about in my pocket—I am called to supper—Such supper-ings as there are here would frighten you.—Did you ever hear of such a supper as we had on the ball-night, old fashioned ham and fowls! but Mr. E—— is fond of something *substantial*; and I declare Leonard took it in his head, one night, to have a red herring; and positively Miss Eglantine eat half of it.—I like them very well, but not to eat them publicly.

H

Monday

Monday Morning.

Nothing remarkable happened yesterday, and I have only to tell you that Mrs. Cottrell and Lavinia dined here. I believe you did not see her, when you was at Ramsbury, therefore I shall just inform you, that she is allowed to be very much like Miss Eglantine; but, in my opinion, far the prettiest;—though they are both tolerable;—but the latter is rather too short. I am taller, by some inches, than either; and when I had my feathers on, on Leonard's birth night, I was above every body in the room!—You may suppose every attention was paid them; and I am sure they could not say I behaved haughtily to the young lady!—Why should I?—She is as agreeable

to

to me as any of my own sex are, except you, Henrietta; that's an exception of course.

Mrs. Eglantine and Mrs. Cottrell seemed inclined to have some private conversation; therefore Mr. Campden proposed a walk to the ladies; and we went to the new milk-house, two miles distant, took a bottle of wine, and had a bowl of syllabub, instead of tea, under the great oak, which you must remember in Acorn Meadow. Mr. Campden offered an arm to each of the ladies, and I took one of Leonard's.

The evening was very pleasant, and we all seemed to enjoy it. I thought Miss Cottrell was rather too chearful, considering her father has been dead but five weeks!—I wonder Miss Mary was pleased at Mr. C——'s attentive politeness to her;—he talked to *her* more than ever he does to me. You may be sure we had a discourse again about the
merits

merits of the Cottrell family, after they were gone ; and Miss Eglantine addressed herself to Mr. Campden, continually !—Indeed she seemed determined to let me see that my remarks on him had not lessened him in her esteem ; and she thanked him, in my presence, on Friday, for his generosity to *her* acquaintance !—After supper, last night, Leonard asked his father, if he knew who would succeed to the Rectory ?—He was answered, it is not yet decided.

I fear, said Mrs. Eglantine, it will be long before we meet with another Mr. Cottrell !—He was, in all respects, what a clergyman ought to be !—Had I not read it long since, Mamma, said Maria, I should have thought the character of the clergyman, in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, had been written for him. There are a few lines exactly adapted to him.—Pray, Sir, said she to Mr. Campden, did you ever read it ?—Several times, he replied ; but what are the

the particular lines you think adapted to
the gentleman deceased?—

A man he was, to all the country dear!

is certainly applicable to him, said she,
for every person valued him; and again,

Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims *his* heart had learn't to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to rise.

Then speaking of his hospitality,

The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast!

not that we suppose he encouraged beg-
gars, for

He *chid* their wand'rings; but *reliev'd* their pain.

Then it goes on,

The

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims
 allow'd.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire—and talk'd the night away :
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his *crutch*—and shew'd how fields
 were won !

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learnt to
 glow,

And quite forgot their *vices* in their *woe* !

That line, said she, pleases me extremely ;
 —and so do these :

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his *failings* lean'd to virtue's side !

There is yet another couplet, Sir, that I
 cannot omit,

Truth from *his* lips prevail'd, with double sway,
 And fools, who came to *scoff*, remain'd to *pray* !

Don't you think, Papa, turning from
 Mr. C——, that Mr. Cottrell's per-
 suasive

suasive language, and powerful arguments, would have made a convert of an infidel ?

He had great powers, my dear, said Mr. E——, and his conduct was not a burlesque on his discourse ; or rather, his discourse on his conduct. If he made no converts, he certainly gave strength to those who desired to walk in his steady and virtuous ways !—But though I am pleased with you, Mary, for doing justice to the memory of Mr. Cottrell, I could wish you would accustom yourself to plain conversation, without always alluding to poetical authors ; it looks pedantic, my dear, and your acquaintances will call you conceited. But I think, Sir, said Mr. C——, the lines Miss E—— has been so kind to favour us with, cannot displease.—O, I am not displeased with her, said my father ; I only wish she would rather check herself sometimes.

I believe.

I believe, Sir, said Leonard, (who always takes her part when her father is a little angry with her) though he has told her of it enough himself, and so have I, for I hate it——my sister has had that propensity, from her cradle!—I can remember her poetical nurse, who never spoke to my sister but she made a rhyme, and always rocked her to sleep with a song: therefore, as my mother observed, the error was implanted in her infancy, as many customs are.—I have a way of spinning my hat, when any thing provokes me, which you have seen me do, Lionel, many a time. When I was quite a boy, my father used to tell me, if I found myself inclined to be in a passion, there was nothing better than to hold a spoonful of water in my mouth till I could tell a hundred, and it would have a fine *effect*!—Neither would my adversary have half the power over me; or if water was not to be had, it would answer the same purpose, if I
was

was to take off my hat, and spin it on the floor, or on my hand, without speaking, till I had counted the above number. I fancied it operated well, and in order to govern my temper, accustomed myself to spin my hat, till it became habitual; and I suppose I shall never be able to leave it off!

Several subjects were now discussed in turn; at last it changed to the Cottrell family. I suppose, Sir, said Miss E—— to Mr. C——, you have read Thomson's Seasons?—Don't Miss Cottrell put you in mind of the Gleaner? and then repeated the line she teased me with on Thursday night.—It is certain she talked to him out of spite to me; for she used to be quite diffident!

I think, said he, that lady answers the description very obviously, and her situation is much the same as the poetical Thomson's charming Lavinia!—I am pleased with her manners, "There is something about her so truly feminine!"

—You see, Sir, said Leonard, my sister has forgot your injunction; she has leaped into the corn-field now among Thomson's reapers; but hobby-horses will not be confined to the stable; and it is in vain to confine or curb them; give them the rein a little, and they will at last stop of themselves!

The clock struck eleven, and Miss E—— and I withdrew.—She came again to my room, which she had not entered since Thursday.—I thought it best not to quarrel again; but just threw out a few hints about Miss Cottrell. I would gladly make her jealous of Lavinia!—I think I should be very far on my journey, if I could do that!—I therefore said, I think Maria, *seriously*, and as a *friend*,—you had better not have invited Miss Cottrell, till Mr. Campden had left you, which you know will be in a few days.—I really thought he took a great deal of notice of her!—And did not you, yourself, hear him say, she answered

swered the description of Thomson's charming Lavinia!—And did you mind with what energy he said, “ There is something about her so *truly* feminine ? ” —Indeed, Maria, you should not have put him in mind of Lavinia the reaper. —The thought of her brings to one's ideas *Palemon* too ; and Campden's generosity and elegance, entitles him equally to the character ! —Don't you know,

The pride of swains *Palemon* was,
The *generous*, and the rich !

THOMSON.

Should she be informed of his voluntary benevolence to her, do you think she would not feel it ? Generosity on one side, Mary, and Gratitude on the other, may have a powerful influence, at least on *her* ; and I thought Mr. Campden seemed rather pleased with her person. — She is reckoned like you, therefore will please, as you have pleased ; and her situation will make her interesting.

She

She is an amiable girl, Cleopatra, said she, and I wish she may find just such a Palemon as Mr. Campden!—*Such* a one you may, said I, but not Campden himself!—That must take its chance, said she;—he is under no engagement to me;—however it is a subject we will drop at present; and as it grows late, I wish you a good night's rest!—The same to you, said I, and pleasant dreams. —And now, Henrietta, as I think I have told you all the occurrences I could muster together, I will take my leave, and sign my name, if nobody makes me jump again; therefore, with all the sincerity of fashion and pleasure,

I am, yours,

CLEOPATRA WINGHAM.

It is wrote at last!

P. S.

P. S. What a parcel of pens have I thrown away since I began, and could not find a good one among them!—Miss Eglantine can make pens, and has picked up and mended all that I have, from time to time, scattered about. For a lady to *mend* pens, is, in my opinion, masculine and stingy!—Why can't she buy new ones, or send the quills to be made by the schoolmaster, and give him a trifle for his trouble?—But her father has something of that about him. It was but the other day that he made a poor fisherman abate sixpence a-piece in some mackerel!—Did that agree with the twenty pounds given away last Thursday?—I wonder he could act so meanly before the servants; but he excused himself, by saying he would not be imposed on!

LETTER IX.

Miss Digby to Miss Eglantine.

Crescent, Bath, June, 1791.

How I rejoice, my dear Miss Eglantine, at the fortunate circumstance which has disappointed, distressed, and deceived you!—No doubt you are, by this time, convinced of the necessity of my early caution. What an escape has your Trio experienced!—What injury might not such an enemy have done!—For though it is impossible she could ever have had any ascendancy over the heart of such a man as you describe Mr. Campden, yet she might so have traduced his character among your friends, by artful insinuations, which she knows
how.

how to practise, that she might have sown the seeds of suspicion in their minds, and changed their present intentions in his favour!—She might have completed, as she intended, the downfall of your happiness; and have engaged the affections of your humane, generous, and open-hearted brother, to a high degree, merely for the despicable gratification of making him feel her triumphant power, and then have ridiculed him, among his adherents, for his weakness and credulity!

I feel such indignation, while I dwell upon the subject, that I would quit it immediately, was it not that I wish to give you my advice on this affair. I shall not apologize for admonishing you.—You call me your counsellor, and I will ever support your cause to the extent of my ability.

Be not precipitate, nor let her know what you have discovered, till your Mamma is acquainted with her deceit.

ceit.—*She* is the most proper person to lop off such a dangerous branch of your acquaintance!—Shew her the letter, and fear not her displeasure, though your regard for Mr. Campden is mentioned therein.

Does my dear Mary imagine I would have countenanced her increasing attachment, had I not known it was approved by her parents, and founded on virtuous principles?—Know then, my dear, and be happy in knowing, that your Mamma has written to me on the subject more than once, and enjoined me to confess, that you might disclose your mind to me!—I cannot express the satisfaction it gives me, to find that your Mamma's account of your lover, is a proof that *your* description is not the effect of romantic enthusiasm.

She tells me his visit was planned by his parents, and yours, who were determined never to bias the inclinations of their children; and they have observed,
with

with pleasure, that the intent is answered!—I hope you will now forgive my raillery, and acknowledge I had some foundation for my *sagacious* hints, since your own parents have found you out; and I hope you will now be assured, that there was nothing more in Mr. Campden's mentioning Miss Wingham's name, than an intention to express his pleasure, that she at last (through necessity) had given him an opportunity of disclosing his sentiments.

Do not regret the interruptions of that evening. Depend on it, it will not be long before he asks you of your father; for I am sure he had reason enough to discover (by your concern on his sudden indisposition), that he had *your heart* as safe as he could wish it!—How I honour *him* for his coldness to *her*, and applaud *you* for refusing the appellation of *gentleman* to that vain fribble, Singleton!—Indeed his story of the *dog*, proved he had no claim to the *title*; for what
groom

groom would have taken the liberty of entering a room to whip an animal, while a *gentleman* had been sitting there? — If every man would treat such coquets with indifference, and every woman such fops with the dignity of disdain, there would be more pleasure and equanimity in society! — The former would have no motive for their ensnaring arts, and the latter might endeavour to be wise, when they found no attention paid to their folly! — But *Flattery* (though we all affect to despise it) is unfortunately so pleasing to the ear, that many of our sex will descend to converse with the meanest of her admirers, for the sake of hearing herself praised! — However, if we were to think aright, *Flattery* might, at all times, be turned to advantage.

If an ordinary woman is told she is pretty, she should consider it as irony, and *despise* the *flatterer*! — If a passionate woman is told she is gentle, she should

should consider it as a polite rebuke, and gratefully *thank* the *flatterer*!—If an amiable woman is highly complimented for her virtues, she will understand it properly, and may do as she pleases with the *flatterer*; but perhaps, in that case, it ceases to be *flattery*!—Yet I could almost assure myself that Mr. Campden, much as he is attracted by your merit, has never paid a compliment *immediately* to *you*; but I have an idea, that he has, by indirect and more delicate methods, by illusions, and so on, fully made you understand what he thinks of your person and mind!—Such is the mode a very polite man generally pursues; and our sex must own it is *very* successful.

Do you think, Mary, your constancy will secure you from a second attachment, during his absence?—Consider it is a long time!—*A whole year!*—but I trust it will.—Many people recommend *Absence*, as the best remedy to wear off such impressions.—I differ from

from the general opinion, and think it oftener increases, than diminishes affection; particularly in one of your turn. Love seeks retirement; and, like the seed which has taken root, though concealed in the earth, expands by slow and imperceptible degrees!—Society is neglected for solitude, and silent contemplation; or the latter is indulged even in company!—The mind dwells incessantly on the object of whom it is deprived!—*Thought* brings to the imagination *nothing* but his *virtues*, and pleads his cause, perhaps, more powerfully than he, with all the eloquence of speech, could do, if he were present. Neither is the lover, who pursues his travels or occupations in busier scenes, more secure.

In every climate, the beloved fair one is present to his imagination, as the North Star to the eye of the mariner!—In all companies, he strives to trace some resemblance; but can draw no comparison!—"The generality of the world are alike;" but *that*, says he, makes one individual

dividual rise so superior!—When among the pleasures, or when contemplating scenes which he knows would delight her, he wishes she could participate!—When sickness, or misfortunes assail him, he sighs for her alleviating, soothing powers, to ease pain and animate fortitude!—In short, my dear, (it is in vain to argue) *nothing* can prove an *antidote* against the *increase* of *firm, rooted love*!

But how happy!—how superlatively happy are you, my charming young friend, who have gained the greatest treasure woman can possess!—the heart of a worthy man,—who have also the pleasurable reflection, that your attachment is sanctioned by parental approbation, and the satisfaction, that, in point of fortune, there is no disparity!—This is not the least of your advantages; for what extreme pain must *that* bosom feel, which has
ventured

ventured to heave a sigh for an amiable superior, when, perhaps, *paternal ambition* interferes, and chills, with cold and harsh severity, the tender buds of mutual *affection*, and forbids their growth!—The father, who expects *more* than filial duty and affection, and places a barrier between his own child and happiness, does not deserve the tender—the honourable title of parent!

If he admits the certainty of philosophical attraction and gravitation, he should also remember that the *common* needle has no more power to recede from the magnet, when brought within the limits of its attraction, than one of a *higher* polish, and greater *value*!—The humble cottager has dared sometimes to look up even to her prince, and the unfortunate Rosamond ventured—hapless maid!—to love her king!

A virtuous *mind* is a magnet that *must* attract; and Pope had exactly my idea,
when

when he wrote Abelard and Eloisa, at least in one line,

O! blest estate, where *souls* each other draw!

To those who are fond of metaphysical enquiry, the value of that line must be "far above rubies!"—The idea of that sublime intercourse, which the mind experiences when it meets with its counterpart, is one of the most pleasing of all contemplations, and may certainly be comprehended in a high degree even by terrestrials!

Milton and Pope, I believe, thought alike; you quote the former, and have therefore read those wonderfully fine passages, wherein he conveys such refined ideas of the happiness communicated and received by the angelic natures, disencumbered of matter.

Excuse these observations, I am very apt to elope from my intended boundaries; and, were I not to check my pen,
should

should go on praising the lofty, sublime, admired, Milton, till my attention meant to the Pope, would be totally forgotten!—Therefore, to return to his *bo-liness*—don't think me playfully ironical;—perhaps he deserves the title as justly as the Romish Pontiff;—and, with submission to his judgment, I shall give you my opinion on the line following *that* I have just quoted; I think it has a dangerous tendency.

Where *love* is *liberty*, and *nature law*!

Probably Miss Wingham might like it very well; she owns she does not want the benefit of the clergy; however, I think the line too good to be applied to her, because I believe she likes *liberty*, without being capable of *love*, and her *laws* have neither *nature* nor *reason* to recommend them.—So young as you are, I should not have introduced a subject of this kind, was not your susceptible heart already caught.

Remember

Remember it has not been my precepts which have had any influence. Nature, with you, has pursued her own better methods. My disapprobation of the poem, in many parts, arises from this reason,—that it is very often recommended by those who have so little regard for community, that they trample on one of the best institutions society has formed—the *law* of matrimony!—or, in Mr. Pope's words, condemn

All *laws* but those which *love* has made!

Surely *matrimony* is no more a violation of the *law* of *nature*, than it can be an offence to *nature* to cultivate the *earth*! I rather think the matrimonial union is still the *law* of *nature*, heightened by the solemnity of a religious ceremony!——But—*love* is *liberty*! is the grand sentence!——*Matrimony* has *fetters*!

Young as you are, Maria, do you not see through the veil with which they

I

would

would shade their principles, while they endeavour to ensnare the affections of the unwary; and having talked them into an adherence to their tenets, desert the unfortunate victims without remorse; (*for love is liberty!*) and entangle the next listner, by the same artifice!—But will such *Lovelaces* presume to say, that *nature* is their *law*?—Does *nature* teach them to practise *deceit*, and abandon the helpless deceived?—Pope might *mean* well; but artful readers

- - - - - can, with ease,
Twist *words* and *meanings* as they please.

GAY.

I am sure the law of *matrimony*, and the law of *nature* (as they call it) have equal fetters; the latter, we suppose, is always preceded by mutual promises, and the former is nothing more, except that one is exchanged in a consecrated temple, before witnesses; the other depends on the word *only*,
passed

passed perhaps in private, in a house, a garden, or field.

But if those who delight in this *vast* scope for liberty (which they think the author I have just mentioned gives them) would consider what he says in another of his beautiful compositions, they would find, that though their promises were not given and received in church, the *place* was sacred *where'er* the private vows were made!—The great Pope has consecrated the whole world:

To Him whose temple is *all space*,
Whose altar *earth, sea, skies!*

Therefore let those who are so fond of the law of nature, remember, that according to Mr. Pope, (of whom I am a great admirer) their vows can no where be made but in a consecrated temple, which takes up *all space*, nor the hand any where be given but at the *altar*, whether on *sea* or *land*.

Shall

Shall we forget *who* has said, " Let your *yea* (be) *yea* ; (and your) *nay*, *nay**," or how vast a discourse might be carried on from the expandings of that seemingly short sentence ?

How I wish I was equal to the subject, or that I was acquainted with some worthy clergyman who would assist me ! —I would gladly write a sermon from that *text*, if I could prevail on any clerical gentleman to preach it ; because I think they are in duty bound to lash the libertine principles which are making their way apace, to undermine the influence of the established religion of England. The Clergy, who ought to be the props, should consider this. Why will they not " Take the foxes, the *little* foxes, that spoil their vines, when their vines have tender grapes†."

* St. Matthew, chap. v. verse 7.

† Canticles, chap. ii. verse 15.

I believe

I believe you will be glad when I have done on this topic ; and indeed, considering how much it is above my management, I have already said more than enough ; however, give me leave to take my own time, and be you as patient as I am tedious.

In consequence of what I have asserted, do not impute to me a talent for universal censure on *all* whose attachments are not sanctioned by matrimony. There are many exceptions; and a man and woman of honour, who hold their word sacred, though given in private, when perhaps secret reasons put it out of their power to marry, are as virtuous, and perhaps *more* so, than some who boast of their *lawful* marriages : yet it is incumbent that every individual should (if possible) obey the ordinations of the legislature, for the general benefit of society.

Charity teaches us to compassionate the unsuspecting innocent, and credulous

lous sisters of female weakness, who are led to imbibe the dangerous notions of those betraying language-masters, whose fair speeches almost make "Wrong appear the *better reason!*"—Yet what is to be said of their deceivers, who not only *steal* the heart of innocence, but, like true *cowards*, first *mislead* that *judgment* which might have proved a guard!

Let *us* be thankful, my dear friend, that *we* have never met with a *Lovelace*; and let us have the charity to hope, there never was one quite so predetermined on wickedness!—But as "we have read, and our fathers have told us," that there are many lamb-like wolves among the human race,—let us join together in detecting them, that we may tell those who are younger, by what means to distinguish and shun them.

I shall conclude this topic with observing, that he who (in the perverted sense of the expression) would inculcate
the

the *law of nature*, with an intent to overturn an institution wisely designed to promote the happiness of individuals, and to unite different families in the same interest, is an enemy to his country, because he would strike off the principal link of that great chain which secures the rights of society, and binds domestic felicity to its proper object.—He is disloyal to his king, because he would annihilate a religious ordination even though under the auspices of the Defender of the Faith ! and, what is still worse, if he becomes a parent, he may be called the enemy of his own children, because they can have no legal claim to what would otherwise have been their rightful inheritance !—And if he has any feeling, must suffer severely from the reflection, that his conduct must draw on them flights and contempt (though undeserved) from those who *think* themselves more honourable, and who have
not

not the sense to distinguish between *birth* and *worth* !

I will give you leave to show this sheet, and the last, to your Papa, as I should be happy to hear his opinion, and to receive the corrections of so competent a judge!—I do not mean to offend the opposite sex, whose nobler virtues are the guardians of ours ; and trust he will believe me, when I aver—In the same degree that I wish to shew my contempt of the vicious, I would always do honour to the meritorious !

Allow me a few hours rest, my dear—an universal stupor tells me sleep is requisite.

Sunday

Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice!

THOMSON.

WAS the involuntary ejaculation with which I rose this morning. Whoever has read that chaste author, need never be at a loss for a morning orison!—I forget what bishop it was, who said the seventh volume of *Clarissa Harlowe* would furnish as good a manual of devotions as any family need use; and, detached from the novel, I own I should approve it much; but as it is, I fear it will have but little sway; and think the libertinism of the hero may inculcate principles, that the religion of the heroine cannot erase!—The mischief of that enticing book may be told in few

I 5

words:

words:—*Vice* is drawn in colours, and in countenance so pleasing, that we cannot detest it as we ought to do!

I acknowledged an error in yesterday's performance, and have to day fallen into the same.—I had no more thought of Richardson, or his elegant works, when I wrote the first line in the preceding page, than I have of breakfasting this morning with dear Miss Eglantine.

I was going to observe, that a man of Thomson's fertile genius has no occasion for tautology: therefore we may assure ourselves he would at once have said, Save me from *vice*!—had he not intended to distinguish between the three words he has used. It led me into reflections on the subject, on which I held a paper conversation with you last night; and I now perceive so great a difference between the *vicious* libertine, and the *vain* fop, that my contempt of your visitor (poor shallow Singleton) is mellowed into compassion!—Truly detestable as
is

is vanity, and doubly so in a man, yet it has not the power to do much harm, except to the mind it inhabits;—and, with a feather from a lady's head-dress for a weapon—a stern countenance, and an angry expression!—I think I could, at any time, have humbled the *fine spirit* of Miss Wingham's partner!—Such a man is disagreeable, but not dangerous; and his follies sometimes excite our mirth!—But from the *libertine* we shrink with terror!

In your admirer, Mr. Campden, you have neither *folly*, *vanity*, nor *vice*, to encounter!—Thrice happy fair one!—Did I not *love* you, I should be envious!—From *him* you have nothing to fear; yet I am glad you had so much thought to decline singing the song you favoured me with; and think with you, that it would have been an indirect method of telling your mind. I don't think Mr. Campden might so *much* have disapproved, *bad* you complied, as he
had

had *previously half disclosed* his sentiments; otherwise gentlemen do not like us to be before-hand with them.

Some people assert, that Nature teaches us to impart our ideas to a distinguished favourite; and it is of *no* consequence from which party the first concession proceeds. I am not of the same opinion. Nature, from the beginning, gave man a peculiar privilege, and a kind of power over us; and we should not abridge him of a prerogative which is his birth-right, or in any degree dispute his superiority.

We should be woo'd, and not, unsought, be won.

MILTON.

therefore, if *we* make the first advances, we are immediately lessened in his esteem, which keeps gradually diminishing, till it sometimes ends in absolute detestation!

Do

Do not think I pretend to any superior knowledge of the world, or of the human heart (I have little enough); but no woman has arrived at the age of twenty-five, without having an opportunity of making the same observation, among her acquaintance; and I am so convinced of its truth, that I am sure no one, who thinks as I do, will ever first acknowledge her sentiments to the object of her regard, except from some cause she is exiled (as it were) from his society, or shaded by a kind obscurity, impervious to his sight, sees not the declining rays, which the departing sunshine of affection, might otherwise faintly indulge her with, till, by degrees, retreating from her pursuing eyes, she might at length behold him sinking below the horizon—to rise on her—no more!

Breakfast waits, and I can write no more till to-morrow.—The abbey chimes inform me, that a higher duty claims my attendance,

attendance, to conclude the morning ; and after the service, I set off with my Mamma and Mr. Brilliant of Stour ;—where we are going to spend one week near the rural parsonage, which you so much admire.—We shall dine at Frome, and finish our little journey in the evening.

A capital performer, from London, is to play the abbey organ to-day.—I love an organ above all instruments.

Adieu, till to-morrow.

Stourton,

Stourton, Monday Noon.

THE sun has gained his altitude, and obliges me to seek the cool recess, after a long and most delicious walk, in which I was accompanied by Miss Brilliant—Her visitor, Miss Caroline Pelham, (of whom you have slightly heard) and a young clergyman.

I wished for you every minute, but most while I was viewing an ingenious painting*, in the back of a garden seat, under an awning, on the top of the hill, which leads to the curious root-house ; —To you, who love ideas personified, it would have been a great treat to have seen the *hours* represented by beautiful female figures (but this hard pen will

* The painting which I have so poorly described, is not imaginary.

never

never draw a picture) following each other at equal distances through the clouds——Aurora and her sister train, their faces increasing in bloom, as the morning was supposed to advance!——Some were quite visible—others less seen—till by degrees, the last was discovered, only by her shape, through the cloudy veil!——Description fails; and the Turkish *pavilion*, just in view, reminds me, that I have not yet replied to several passages in your letter which require attention.

I was diverted at your anxiety for the fate of the letter found by your Mamma.—She will laugh when we meet, at your ready thought, to tear the cover of mine.—But, Mary, I assure you I did not expect, on opening it, to find it Mr. Campden's!—It was natural enough that *you* should think it *his*.—Your mind was occupied by nothing but the thought of him;—but could you have reflected, you might have been certain he would never have

have left a letter without seal, or direction,—and put it under a garden seat ; nor, indeed, in any place.

Mr. Campden is as honourable as you are innocent ; and I am persuaded will never pursue any mean, or clandestine method, to make you acquainted with the state of his heart !—It was very kind in you to compliment me as you did, in one of your letters (which I believe I forgot to answer) wherein you wished me present, that I might converse with your favourite !—I am sure you were sufficiently capable of giving your opinion, rationally, on such subjects as come within the province of a woman ; and I could have done no more ! You did not want to harangue with him on state affairs, with the energy of the prime minister, did you ?—I am sure he liked you better conversing in the easy style of feminine simplicity, than in all the fluency of masculine rhetoric !—How would you have had *me* talk to him ?

him?—Would you have wished me to have entered into an argument with him, till I had whirled myself into a labyrinth, and lost the clue?—No, no, Mary!—let the gentlemen *argue*, while we listen, and learn how to *converse*.

I must also take notice of a remark in another of your letters.—You applaud my resolution never to marry a man younger than myself! and are determined to adopt it.—Before I thank you for imitating me, let me ask you, whether I am not to ascribe it to Mr. Campden's age, rather than my prudence?—Had he been twenty-six, and you thirty years of age, I believe Miss Eglantine would not have thought Miss Digby's plan so *rational*!

But, to leave off all jokes, let me persuade you never to make any serious resolves on that subject. *As it has happened indeed*, I believe you would not be easily led into a second attachment to a younger person; but should any misfortune

tune

tune deprive you of your amiable admirer, you know not, my dear, after a time, how much another might steal upon your senses, while you could trace a resemblance (either in person or intellectual accomplishments) between the regretted lost, and the future persevering favourite; and perhaps, strange as it may appear to you now, the last, "for such things are," might eclipse the former!—Except, when under an engagement, as you may be said to be now, the human heart is never free from attack!—Love is the reigning *monarch* of the *world*!—An *archer* whose *arrows* are invincible, and fly invisibly!

If you ever read the *Life of Petrarch*, you certainly could not pass over some lines written in the title-page. I think them so expressive of the present subject, that I will here transcribe them; you will have no objection to read them a second time:

Who

Who is free from love ?

All space he actuates, like almighty Jove!
He haunts us waking ; haunts us in our dreams !
With vigorous flight bursts through the cottage-
window,

If we seek shelter from his persecution,
In the remotest corner of a forest,
We there elude not his pursuit ; for there,
With eagle-wing, he overtakes his prey !

At the end of the same book are also
some charming lines on the Power of
Friendship, which perhaps is superior,
at least not inferior, to Love. The lat-
ter, I am certain, can never be sincerely
felt without the former ; and the for-
mer may, sometimes, be the unsuspected
leading guide to the latter.

Thrice happy minds, who feel the power of
friendship !

Oft do the muses, on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy nature hush'd,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds to friendly ears,
And raise their kindred minds with such
Warm fancy, and ethereal forms,
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.

Why

Why need I launch into the praise of Friendship ?

Friendship—that best support of wretched man !
Which gives *us*, when our life is painful to *us*,
A sweet *existence* in another's being ?

PETRARCH.

I make no apology (as you do to your brother) for my quotations : and beg, my dear, you will always continue yours whenever you write to me ; let our correspondence be as one sister to another, and let us write as it best suits our taste.

Your brother is not the only gentleman who is a critic on ladies, whose letters are interlarded (as they say) with the opinions of various authors, because they have no fertility of imagination themselves, they satirically call it *patch-work* ; but as patch-work is a feminine employment, we will not be ashamed of it.

Indeed I think we should consider an instructive author as one of our friends, and surely there is no impropriety in
praising

praising a friend!—What is the use of literary compositions, if they are not to be noticed?—And what reason can be given why they should not form a part of our letters, as a part of our conversation by the fire-side?

Your antagonist, Miss Wingham, though she has taken so little care to improve her mind, yet you find *she* has had some *taste* for reading too.—“She has not read *Novels* for *nothing*,” but I fear she has roved in the garden of knowledge without judgment, and has collected the *weeds* instead of the *flowers*! —I am not, however, among the number of ladies who disapprove of novels, and must own I think it an *affectation* of *wisdom* in those who despise them.—Gentlemen, indeed, who love to read Voyages,—Travels—Warlike Accounts, &c. may be allowed to call them trifling; yet I would not be understood to place them in competition with the Spectator, Rambler, and many more such instructive

tive productions; yet as Novels, in general, treat of such things as happen, tho' varied, in almost every family, they are not entirely useless.

The best I ever read, without a single exception, and which I beg to recommend to you, is *Caroline of Lichtfield*.—I do not mention it as having any superiority of language above others; or that there is any plot more skilfully managed its moral tendency—is what entitles it to a preference.

If you read it, be particularly attentive to the character of Count Walstein, the husband of Caroline. It is the first book I ever read, where the power of mental worth *forced* the reader to *feel* its superiority above the attractions of personal beauty. I shall not think you have the sensibility you have hitherto possessed; if, on reading it, you do not almost *bate* him (forgive the expression) at first; and if you are not, progressively, led to *adore* him, (pardon this second impropriety)

priety) ere the conclusion—the character of Caroline is innocent, natural, and simple!—It is not represented as perfect; but as her actions are throughout founded on a principle of duty, she may, with propriety, be imitated.

There is an episode near the conclusion, which is rather romantic; however that does not lessen the merit of the book in general. I fear I am spinning my letter,—surely it is time to leave off. Can any thing be more foolish than the idea of *spinning* a letter?—But it is past!—I was going to apologize for its length, which would have been a reproof to my dear Mary, whose last fills five sheets.—I am sure I am much obliged to you for bestowing so much time to your friend, who is interested in every subject you favour her with.

But what will you do, Maria, if Mr. Campden should write to you?—Shall you want a secretary?—If you should, don't apply to me; for I shall certainly refuse.

refuse.—It would be worse to write than converse; because a sentence *spoken* ridiculously may be *forgotten*, but *written*, it must appear against us as long as the letter is kept; and gentlemen are *such* critics on the female pen!—they find innumerable faults; but that which most they dwell on, is *prolixity*.—I have seen many a gentleman laugh, when I have talked of letters two sheets long; and that laugh often implies what they would willingly express, a contempt of our weaker intellects, that cannot bring twelve words within the compass of six!—But men of sense will always excuse our errors; therefore you need not fear criticism if you write to Mr. Campden.

I am writing this letter in a very uncouth manner, and shall be obliged to return to the subject of novels again, merely to ask you what you think *now* of that *hero* of *heroes*, Sir Charles Grandison?—He was to have been the crite-

K

rion

tion of your choice!—Don't let me have reason to accuse you of change, which indeed I believe is the case; for if you was determined to have a Sir Charles Grandison—you have not found him yet!—Lionel Campden is *passionate*, I perceive;—don't be displeased, my dear, for I am certain he is.—You desire my opinion of him, and I will not deceive you.

I recal the sentence wherein I said, In Mr. Campden you have no folly to encounter.—His impetuosity in the pavilion proves my observation true, without a doubt.

Do you imagine Sir Charles Grandison would have spoken with so much warmth to a brother of Miss Byron, or Clementina, had he been soliciting the pleasure of his company in a ride?—~~would~~ *he* have told him, in an imperious tone, to *leave him*?—no, my dear: he was always cool and collected, on far more trying occasions.—I don't say Mr.
3 Campden

Campden would be ready to *knock* his *servant* down, for accidentally spilling a little lemonade on a lady's clothes;—but if he is not *passionate* I have no discernment at all.

Have I not lost a degree of your esteem, by this time, my friend?—can you forgive me for this opinion of your lover?—It is my real sentiment, I assure you;—yet do not suppose him sunk in my esteem, because he discovers the feelings of nature; I respect, yet never thoroughly, liked the character of Sir Charles Grandison; and, to speak my mind freely, would prefer a gentleman who would sometimes give me a sharp rebuke; yet afterwards discover, by his behaviour, that it was the effect of momentary impetuosity, not innate harshness, to one whose temper is always insipidly serene.

Mr. Campden, I trust, has too much self-command to let his passions rise to a tempest, but a brisk gale, now and then,
may

may have its use, and assists to make pleasing the calm which succeeds.

But as I know my dear Maria wishes to hear something from me more in unison with her own ideas—I sincerely assure her, from her Mamma's account, as well as her own, I think he possesses dignity without haughtiness, humility with meanness, knowledge unattended with pedantry;—a spirit manly and generous,—blended with tenderness amia- bly engaging!—In a word,—I think him in *every* sense of the *appellation*,—a *Gentleman*.

As I have ended the subject most interesting to you, I must not begin another—nothing that I can relate can equally engage your attention—receive therefore the best wishes of my friends—and assure yourself of the passive regard, and active services of

Your affectionate

ELIZA DIGBY.

Present

Present my respects, compliments, &c. to those who kindly favour me with their esteem.

P. S. On second thoughts beg the favour of your Mamma to defer the tribunal till I come: for I feel myself so much concerned in the affair that I will make a visit to you on purpose to be present, and think we will leave you at home, while your Mamma and I will go to Mr. Wingham's to tea, and calmly talk over the matter with her mother first, who certainly ought to be informed.—Miss W——— does not like me, I find, which will be an additional sting, to be exposed in my presence!—In the mean time, my dear, do not make yourself unhappy about her.—Do not fear what *she* can do.—Poor conceited fly!—*She* subdue Lionel Campden!—Let her use her transparent wings, till some artful spider weaves her into the web of matrimony, and her meditated
revenge

revenge recoils upon herself.——She will meet with some person who will find out her imperfections, as well as acknowledge her beauty.——It is in vain for a woman to trust to the attractions of her person for the security of regard. Another more beautiful may soon displace her, while esteem, founded on the virtues of the mind, every day increases !

Adieu.

L E T.

LETTER X.

Miss Digby to Miss Eglantine.

Stourton, June, 1791.

I HAD no intention, my dear Miss Eglantine, of troubling you so soon with another epistle ;—but why do I say *troubling*, when I know you do me the favour to value my letters as the substitutes of your friend, who is so much honoured by your esteem.

As this will probably be long, you may, if you please, consider it as several different letters, written at various intervals, which will account for the inconsistency of sometimes writing in the chearful, sometimes in the melancholy style;

style; for though I cannot command my pen either to "excite laughter, or draw tears," yet I sometimes attempt to be mirthful, and what is perhaps too natural to me, sink again into sentimental seriousness; but, you who know me best, will forgive the error, as you know it is as common with me, as the alternate change of clouds and sunshine on an April day.

I am at present rather inclined to be chearful, and whether you are angry or not, I assure you I have told the *secret*! —Yes I have indeed—told all that I know about Mr. Campden,—Miss Eglantine,—and Miss Wingham.—You know it is allowed to be "a wonder if a woman keeps a *secret*!"—be not surprised then, that I am no *prodigy*.—But, however, to make my peace with you, be assured I have done no harm. You have none but friends under this hospitable roof; and as all your family are so well known to, and esteemed by, the
worthy

worthy Brilliants, I was certain they would be happy to hear of the hoped for union, which I trust will one day take place between you and the excellent Lionel, who has *half* won *all* our hearts!—Mr. Brilliant knows him well, and all his respected family. His sisters, I find, are great netters, and they often wonder how he destroys so many purses, it is now accounted for.

I imagine his benevolence to the unfortunate widow and orphan, is the interesting circumstance you have kept in reserve for me; it must be, for I am sure nothing you can relate can be more interesting, and may every blessing the human heart can experience, await Mr. C——, for his humanity and generosity.

Present my kind condoling regards to good Mrs. Cottrell, and a thousand loves to the *charming* Lavinia!—O that detested Miss Wingham! who would suggest ideas not only destructive of your

peace, but would strive to make you the enemy of her who wants a friend!—— Don't be alarmed, my dear Maria, when I say the *enemy*; you don't know yet the power of love;—you, who are an universal friend, must think I have used a harsh term. I do not mean to expand the word to its full extent; but it is impossible,——entirely impossible, to be a cordial friend to a rival.

Prior has written, and others may write; but they shall never make me believe there ever was an Emma!——A woman of noble principles will take no unwarrantable methods to displace a rival, she will not throw a stumbling-block in her way to happiness; and if that rival has a prior claim to the regard of him she unfortunately loves, she may go far enough to submit as calmly as she can, to her fate, without feeling any inveteracy against the woman, whose taste and sentiment is proved congenial with her own, in *that* she has been attracted
by

by the same object: but I am sure, Maria, that the woman who can feel cordial friendship for a rival, has never *truly loved* the man who caused the rivalry.

Yet Prior's Emma is not an unnatural character neither; because it is very common for us, in the enthusiasm of our hearts, to fancy ourselves equal to great achievements, we think we can fix the shield with masculine intrepidity, and dare the foe to combat; or we believe ourselves endued with virtue so exemplary, that we can, without doing violence to our feelings, forgive our enemies, or love our rivals;—but we deceive ourselves, Maria—When we are called forth to act, feminine weakness and human frailty interfere; and our imaginary courage, and boasted honour, vanish from our presence, while abashed we own,—they were but the phantoms of our chimerical imaginations.

But

But methinks you say—I thought Eliza, said she, was inclined to be chearful, why then does she write in this style?

I *am* inclined to chearfulness, Maria, notwithstanding, and, had not a thought of Lavinia intervened, I must have laid my pen aside to indulge risibility on the recollection of Miss Brilliant's remarks on Miss Wingham's letter, which I read yesterday to all the three ladies. Don't imagine I can make you laugh by relating them.—I am not sufficiently mistress of my pen, to draw forth the feelings; however, I made an observation to that effect, at the beginning of my letter.

Alas! poor Miss Wingham (said she) when thou didst finish thy *Christian* name in the summer-house, little didst thou think how soon Christian and Cleopatra Wingham must be separated!

How

How can you condemn her, Miss Digby, said she?—What could she do more than keep up—the honour—the dignity—the virtue of her *good* name—till she lost it—which now, poor girl, she has effectually done, without matrimony!—And will you not bestow one grain of pity on her, who, having lost her *good name*, can have nothing left to recommend her?—Pray, pray be charitable, ladies!

Then, as if addressing herself again to Miss Wingham,—and when thou didst wonder how long thou shouldst carry that fatal paper in thy pocket, little didst thou foresee its fate, or suspect thy own! for I fear thou wilt no more frolic away the time in “Eglantine Bowers,” but must be banished from the sight of the inhabitants; and, instead of vanquishing *Lion—Leo*—, and devouring the *bouffe-lamb*—thou art thyself in the power of them all, and must humbly intreat them to be merciful!—Ah!

why

why was not that letter deferred, and written at home?—then thou hadst escaped the humiliating tribunal that awaits thee!—Why didst thou not remember that——“The pitcher that goes often to the well (like the letter in thy pocket) must come home broke at last.” Hadst thou not despised the book of *Proverbs*, thou mightest have possessed some of *Solomon's wisdom*!

I am sure, had you seen Miss Brilliant's countenance, while we were laughing at her, you would not have forgot it very soon!—What a charming girl she is!—How amiably lively!—Her mirth is never tinged with ill-nature, and her disposition may be told in a few comprehensive words. She has a heart that will—“Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep!”

I have not taken this verse as the subject of a jest, Maria; which your Mamma
very

very properly forbids ; therefore, applied to Miss B——, it may with propriety remain.

That lady differs from you and me in our opinions of argumentation, and declares she will dispute with the gentlemen, as long as they will encourage her in it.—Nothing pleases me better, said she, than to take down the lords of the creation, at least such lords as have no proper claim to the title.—And indeed there is a Mr. Cassock, who is continually stepping in (who I believe wishes to be an humble servant of her's) and with whom she is always drawn into an argument ; but he does not seem to be a suitable antagonist. I can perceive she does not like him, and think she shews her sense by such disapprobation ; yet she is never uncivil to him.—He is much such a pragmatistical pedantic young man as Parson Brand is described in *Clarissa Harlowe*.

He

He uses a redundance of high-flown words, (as they are usually called) and that, with many of our sex, has entitled him to the epithet of *sensible*!—I have heard *one* young lady say (since I have been here) I cannot think, Miss B——, how you can talk so well to Mr. Caffock, he is so much above my common understanding, that I am obliged to search the dictionary for half an hour after I have been talking to him, to comprehend what he could mean; and then he has such a way of asking, what you *mean* by such a word? and says, *Why* do you think so and so?—Give me your *reason* for such an opinion. Bless my heart!—I know what I mean myself well enough, but when people question, and question one in that manner, it puts one quite to a stand; and I am always obliged to say, I don't know *why* I think so, Sir, but I *do* think so; and I feel just like a downright fool!

Poor

Poor girl, how she diverted us ; but that *is* his way, Maria, exactly !—He'd overpower *you* presently by those questions, and indeed many who have more courage than *you*. Miss B—— is used to him, and she has more solid understanding than he, therefore is generally the conqueror, at least in the opinion of the umpires ; Mr. Cassock seldom owns himself defeated !—But really the most sensible men delight in a controversy with Miss Brilliant, and her opinions are given with so much spirit, good humour, and condescension, that it is a treat to me to hear them.—She has a mind ever open to conviction, and when convinced, never fails to acknowledge herself conquered.

I wish I could give you these conversations to peruse ; but it would be vanity in me to attempt relating what I am sure my memory cannot accurately retain ; they are too much above me.—However, I may venture to give you an abridgment

bridgment of a sociable kind of combat which she had yesterday with her god-mother, Mrs. Reynard, an agreeable elderly lady, who is extremely fond of Miss B——, and often brings her work here, to enjoy a few hours chat.

She came in soon after I had done reading Miss W——'s letter.—Mr. Cassock joined us in half an hour; and while we were at tea, Miss B——, who was pouring it out, said to me,—And so Miss Wingham thinks it was Lunnardi's name that caused him to invent, or rather carry on, the invention of air-balloons; for I think that idea was hinted at in Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*;—however, it is no matter what the idea sprung from, I only wish I could have gone up with him.

Gone up with him, said Mrs. Reynard!—O fie upon you!—Pray what should you want to fly up in the air for?—why you are joking to be sure.

By

By no means, Ma'am, said Miss B——, I am really serious ; you cannot imagine what a desire I have to go in a balloon ; nor how much I am delighted with the invention !

I tell you what, Miss Brilliant, said her god-mother, if you say so much about *them there* air-ballons, you and I shall have a touch upon that subject.

As soon as you please, Ma'am, said Miss B——, it is a favourite subject with me ; but as I can seldom find any one to agree with me,—you will probably have the advantage.

Now for the north-wind, and the sun contending for the cloak of the weather-beaten traveller, said Mr. Caffock.

Let us allow each other equal advantages, Ma'am, said Miss B——, you shall throw leaden weights into the gallery, while I cut the cords, and make it rebound, if possible, in spite of opposition !—My scissars are ready ; but I will
respec-

respectfully wait and let you begin first.

Well then; what use are they of in the first place,—said Mrs. R——, can you tell me that? I will allow Ma'am, said Miss B——, they can be of no use in the *first place*, at all; they may be compared to a ship before it is launched,—which you know is equally useless,—neither do I pretend to determine their use, even in the *second place*, when we will suppose them ascending; yet as every art and science must have a beginning, we don't know what improvements may be made on the invention.—A person who had never seen a building carried on, would never expect that by brick, and brick, such surprising superstructures could be raised!

I remember the other day, said her godmother, you told my little nephew, who was reading to you, that he did not know how to keep his stops;—upon my word, I thought *you* would never come to one!

one!—If you say six words to my one, I shall have no chance at all.

I shall not interrupt you indeed, Madam, said Miss B——; I always like my adversary to say *more* than myself, that I may reap the advantage of his volubility, or pick up the gleanings, if that is denied me, and profit even by loss!

Very well, said Mrs. R——, pray tell me what you think they expect to see?

Miss B—— was silent.

Why Miss Brilliant, said Mr. Cassock, what are you musing upon?—Don't you observe your god-mamma is come to a full stop?

I beg her pardon, replied Miss B——, I thought she would oblige me with a few observations on her side the question—so finished my bread and butter.—The question I cannot possibly answer with propriety, continued she, except my own wish of ascending had
been

been gratified ; yet if it is merely for the pleasure of an extensive prospect, they must have a surprising advantage above us, when they have nothing to obstruct their view ; but I do not imagine it is for the sake of *seeing* any thing particular. I suppose such people are desirous of making philosophical experiments.

Philo— I don't know what impediments, said Mrs. R——, of what use can they be, I want to know ?

None in the least, Madam, said Mr. Cassock, they are very injurious !—The *pinnacle* of some *towering* cedar may intercept them, or they may dash down with velocity, and *adhere* to the spire of some church, or twenty such unfortunate catastrophes may *pursue* them !

I am glad you think so, Sir, said the good lady, (who did not perceive he spoke in opposition) and hope the opinions of a smart young gentleman will have more weight than the notions of an old-fashioned

ed

ed god-mother!—Pray what do you think of them *now*, Miss B——, won't you allow they are very presumptuous?

I never can think it presumptuous, said Miss B——, for a man of an enterprising spirit to try the power of an element.—I am not contending for its utility, time only can decide that; but I am sure there is no more presumption in failing (if it is called failing) in the air, than on the sea.

Well, have it your own way, said her god-mother; but *I do* say, and I *will* say, that *them there* air-balloons are just like the building of Babel.

O no, Madam, said Mr. Caffock, allow me, as a clergyman, to *dis-sent* from you there. I saw Lunardi's balloon, when it was exposed to the populace at the Pantheon; I explored it with the most scrupulous examination, and it was no more like the edifice you mention, than that ball, which the kitten now holds in her paws, is
like

like the renowned King Alfred's Tower, just in view there.

That's not my meaning, Sir, said the lady.—I say they are just upon the same foundation : the plan is all one.

Not by any means, Ma'am, said the chearful Miss B——; Babel was built on a solid foundation, and there it stood : whereas the balloons are carried about by the impulse of the air, and have no settled resting-place.

Deuce take the balloons, said Mrs. Reynard ; upon my word, Sally Brilliant, you provoke me to say words I wou'dn't say, because you won't understand me. You know what I mean very well ; I say still, that it is as bad for a man for to want to get into the sky, as it was for the people *there* to set about building of Babel ; and pray, did not the confusion of tongues *tell* us how wicked that was ? —And wasn't it the same sort of a judgment, think ye, upon him that came a'ter Lunardi there ?—Who was he ?—

What

was his name?—He that fell into the sea?—It was a shame to attempt it another after that.

I wished for *you*, my dear Maria, to have enjoyed this discourse. I know how you would have laughed!—We kept our countenances tolerably; but you have no command of yourself in those cases, and I *like* you for it.

The *builders* of Babel were certainly presumptuously wicked, said Miss B—; their *intention* was wicked; but I do not believe either of the floating travellers, we have mentioned, had any design to get into the sky, had it been possible, or to visit the moon; and as to poor Blanchard's fall into the sea, it might be as merely accidental, as the poor man's misfortune in falling from the scaffolding while your house was building, and breaking his leg.

Now, my dear god-mamma, how could you let your house be carried above the second floor after that acci-

L

dent?

dent?—I have no idea of styling such things presumptuous!—You may as well say it is presumptuous to look at the stars through a telescope.

And so I do, said Mrs. Reynard.—
When I was quite a child, my mother always told me it was wicked to point to the sky; and I am sure it must be worse to peep into the stars!

How early we imbibe prejudices, said Miss B——; I am just of Mrs. Eglantine's opinion, that the mischief is done in our infancy!—Then I suppose, Ma'am, you won't sit up to see the eclipse to-morrow night?

No indeed won't I, said the worthy lady, I assure you; I am always glad when the *clipses* are over!—I am frightened out of my wits, for fear it should never be light again!

How we differ, said Miss B——; if I had purse and power, I'd turn astronomer and philosopher!—I am sure it is out of the power of words to tell how
delighted

delighted I was when I read a great philosopher's remark on the apple falling from a tree to the earth, instead of ascending!

Why, *did* you ever read such a remark, Sally? said Mrs. Reynard. I think you did not shew your wisdom to be delighted at it!—*I* could have told you where the apple would fall to, little as I have read; our own eyes see such things as that, often enough!—Throw a stone up as high as the monument, I warrant ye it will come down again, if it don't lodge somewhere!

Undoubtedly it will come down again, said Miss B——, but *why* it comes down is the question.

Why! replied Mrs. R——; why because it cannot help it, to be sure.—Where do you think it should go to?

We all laughed so at this observation, that Mrs. R——, thinking she had said something convincing, laughed as heartily as we.

Indeed, my dear Madam, said Miss B——, if we go on at this rate, we shall lead from argument to argument, till one of us must be bewildered ; therefore let me observe, that a very trifling hint is enough to excite our endeavours to gratify that particular study to which our inclinations lead ; and a feather, floating in the air, might be sufficient for the invention of air-balloons ; so we leave off just as we began ; you contending that they are of no use, and I, that the inventors were wonderfully ingenious !

Mrs. R——, however, wished to know which had gained the advantage ? and begged that Miss B——'s party would hold up a hand, which we all did, except Mrs. Brilliant.—Heigh-day ! said she, what are you, on that side too ? (turning to Mr. Caffock) why you was of *my* opinion at first !—I can't like turn-coats, especially when they are black ones ;
and

and a parson should always keep to his text.

But my text was not given out, Madam, said he ; and I only agreed with you as to the *impediments*, thinking them injurious to the aerial traveller.

If I had known *that*, said Mrs. R——, I should'nt have *axt* for a shew of hands. I thought I was sure of *you* and Mrs. B——; then there would have been Miss Digby and Caroline, who has been as mute as a mouse, for Sally ; and we should have been even, but now there is three to one against me !

Mr. B—— then joined us ; and Mr. Cassock proposing a walk, the discourse ended,——I think the little I have informed you of Mr. Cassock's conversation may give you a tolerable idea of his unpleasing manner !

Did you observe the *pinnacle* of some *towering* cedar tree, &c. &c. ?—that is, the pedantic style in which he always converses.——As we were walking, he
asked

asked us if we had read the melancholy account of Captain H——'s shipwreck? I told him I had read it; but that as no lives were lost, it was a subject rather to be rejoiced at *now*.—Yes, Madam, said he, so it certainly is. It was not so horrible in its consequences, as the *destruction* of the Amicable!—For when all the happy crew were smoothly sailing along the *silver* ocean, anticipating the *ecstatic* scenes, which they should shortly experience among their enraptured *con-sanguineous* relations, down comes Neptune upon a *merciless* wave, and with his trident *sweeps* them all into the sea!

Astonishing! said Miss Brilliant!—Why Mr. Caffock, there must have been a degree of *witchcraft* in that, if Neptune's trident was turned into a broom! —I never heard of his *sweeping* before!

You want to drag me into an argument, Miss B——, I find, said Mr. Caffock,

Cassock, you know I have only made use of a metaphor!—Did you never read any Oriental Eclogues?

I have read many a charming eastern tale, said Miss B——, but never met with such a metaphor as *that*.—

No! said Mr. Cassock, they occur frequently.—I am very apt to converse in metaphor myself.—A few days ago I was talking with a lady, who is now married to Major D——; I had an attachment to the lady once.—My dear Madam, said I, I fancy my gown or surplice might have had some attractions, had not the sword and cockade held you in chains!—Now what do you think of *that*, Miss Brilliant?

I think, Sir, said she, it was very modest in you to ascribe attractions to your *gown* or *surplice*, rather than *yourself*; and I think the metaphor would have been tolerable, had you left out the *chains*!—The sword might undoubtedly be drawn to keep the lady in captivity;
but

but the chains, I think, belong to the clergy ; it is *you* and your brethren that *link* the folks together.

Well, Ma'am, said he, you may jest as much as you please, I shall not leave off speaking in figure ; my sermons are extremely metaphorical.

That makes them so inexplicable, said Miss B——, that our villagers cannot understand you. Do you know that flowers of rhetoric, in sermons, are like tares among wheat ?

Listen to the curate of H——, he does not talk so *grand* as Mr. Cassock, said a lady to me one Sunday ; but his easy language, and fine arguments, convince the understanding !

Mr. Cassock seemed displeased ; and as we were then just at home, the conversation ceased.—He did not stay to supper ; and as the moon shone in all her splendor, Miss B——, her friend, and myself, walked for half an hour longer in the garden.

After

After a few trivial sentences,—the former expressed her satisfaction at the fortunate event which had discovered the deep-laid plot.

My disposition is very open, Miss Digby, said she, and I assure you, a degree of *heart-felt* pleasure has animated my bosom, and hope has regained her seat, since you did me the favour to disclose that circumstance.—I never saw young Mr. Eglantine with indifference.—I flatter myself our dispositions are not quite opposite, and in our ages there are but a few weeks difference.—I am a trifle younger.

He has always had my heart in a string, (don't laugh at me) but now I could wish it were *chained* to *his*, never to be unlinked!—Had I been in Miss Wingham's situation, I believe I should have embraced him, for his honourable return of the unread wicked letter!—There was a something indubitably easy, and generous, in his gift to

Dr. Linctus, for Mrs. Cottrell : it was equal in merit, though less in quantity, with Mr. Campden's !

How gladly should I have partook of such a comfortable dinner !—But even a sprat—or a piece of bread and cheese, with Leonard Eglantine, would to me be princely fare !

Indulge your hopes, Miss B——, said I ; surely if Leonard is susceptible of beauty *without* merit,—he cannot be insensible to beauty *heightened* by merit ! Your eyes are not black, to be sure, and unluckily your shape is not quite so slender ; but if you have not more powers of attraction to draw such a mind as his from its present object, (independent of her discovered treachery,) I know not who can have any influence ;—I don't think she has made any very powerful impression on him yet, though, by degrees, she might have done ; his rapturous attachment is the effect of a youthful, gay disposition, that receives
pleasure

pleasure from all who strive to please !—
When I see him, I will say all I can in
your praise !

A thousand thanks, said she, but let it
be in indirect terms ; don't disclose my
sentiments ; tell him you have heard me
say he is agreeable, but nothing farther !

How fortunate are you, Miss Brilliant,
observed Caroline Pelham, who have such
foundation for hope ; and how blissful in
prospect is the situation to which Miss
Eglantine is gradually advancing ; but
there are “ a favoured few ” (continued
she, with a sigh) who are permitted to
taste of *earthly* happiness.

Mr. Brilliant then came down the
garden, and attended us in to supper.—
So, Miss Air Balloon, said Mrs. Rey-
nard to her god-daughter, what, have
you sent the parson flying?—you don't
use that young man well at all, though
you know he is so fond of you.

He is fonder of himself than of me,
Ma'am,

Ma'am, said Miss B——, and nobody can reprove him too much for it. I gave him a narcissus one day, desired him to trace its origin, and beware of the same fate ; but he would not, or did not understand me ! —O Papa, said she, we have had such a string of metaphors !

Then take care of yourself, Sary, said her father ; I find he'll set the right trap for you at last !—I thought you would have fallen in love with Dr. Johnson, when you read Anningait and Ajut !

I *was* half in love with him, Sir, said she, though I had never heard at that time who was the author of the Rambler !—Can any thing be more interesting than some of the allegories contained in that work ? The Progress of Criticism, or the Touch-stone of Truth, is exquisite !

I delight in Dr. Johnson's high language, continued Miss B——, in him it is natural, and suits his lofty, his superior ideas !—I despise it in Cassock ;

it

it is affected, and discovers his vanity !

He has often heard me say I am fond of figurative conversation, and is always tormenting me with *bis* ; which I never fail to find fault with, in order to put an end to it ; but he is obstinately attached to his own opinion !

Well, I wish I had *axt* him what he thinks of this new taxing scheme ? said Mrs. R———. I wonder what they intend to tax next !—I think *that* Mr. —— Hush, my dear god-mamma, said Miss B———, putting her hand on Mrs. R———’s mouth ; pray let that subject alone, till we three young ladies are gone to-bed : you know we have not left off school many years, and have not yet forgot—“ Honour and obey the King and all that are put in *authority* under him.”

And as to Cassock, if he had dared to set aside that part of our Catechism, we would have beset him next Sunday as
he

as he passes by, and have stripped his *attractive* gown off for him.

Be quiet, Sall, said Mrs. Reynard, and let me talk to your father and mother.
—I say, Mr.——

You shall *not* say a word against him till we are gone, Ma'am, said Miss B—. I will talk to you, and humour you on any subject except politics, which I think ladies have nothing to do with. It appears to me as unnatural for a lady to depart from loyalty, except she has very powerful reasons, which, I am sure, (under the mild government of so gracious a monarch as the august George the Third,) none of us can have as to join in opposition against a Father.— The amiable Heir Apparent has shewn himself in a light so shining, and has so often proved his humanity, as well as his elegant and princely manners, that we may be assured he has no wish to abridge a beloved father of the honours
due

due to the Crown, or to alienate the affections of his subjects !

I think the Prince would rather *value* us for our steady adherence to Majesty ; because it is an assurance, that if, in *our* time, *he* should arrive at the pinnacle of power, the same principle of loyalty will equally attach us to *him*. Therefore say no more, my dear god-mamma *Reynard*, for we *will* honour the King, and all that are put in authority under him ; and (as is justly his due) we will respect and admire the elegant—polite—and amiable prince !

Our good talkative visitor left us about half after ten, (she lives within a quarter of a mile) and we separated for the evening.

You know my custom of early rising ; and the beauty of this morning doubly induced me to indulge in a walk.—I went to Miss Brilliant's room, and waking her, solicited her company.—She paid the same compliment to Miss Pelham

ham, who complaining of a nervous head-ach, declined.—We had a most agreeable walk, and I found Miss B— just as engagingly tender on sentimental subjects, as she is keen on such as are lively.

I could not help observing, Miss B—, said I, with what feeling Miss Pelham, last night, said,—There are a favoured few who are permitted to taste of earthly happiness!—She seems so indifferent to the opposite sex, that I had ranked her among the insensibles!

You are not the first person who has imputed insensibility to poor Caroline, said Miss B—; but, unfortunately for her, she has been *too* susceptible in *once* having formed an attachment.

In what respect, said I? Was it disapproved by her parents, or slighted by the object of her esteem?—Or was it their disparity in fortune?

Her parents *could* not have disapproved, said Miss B—, for he was infinitely her superior!

superior!—amiable—sensible—and manly!—His person was not handsome, but very agreeable; and the influence of his polite manners took an effect on several of our village ladies more exalted than Miss Pelham; but to *her* the distinction was visibly shewn.

No, Miss Digby, her humble attachment was not slighted by him she loved! and when I say a distinction was *visibly* shewn, I mean, that any discerning person might discover, in some degree, the emotions of her admirer, when the charmer of his affections accidentally presented herself to his sight!

Is he dead, then, said I?

He is married, she replied.

Married! I repeated—and I was astonished!

You may well be surprised, Miss Digby, resumed Miss B——, that a gentleman who had an attachment to a lady, and by whom it was equally returned, could enter into an endless engagement with

with another, while the mutual affection subsisted!—But perhaps in that case the lover was to be pitied, rather than condemned. He had not seen Caroline when this engagement was formed; it was an interested match, at least on the side of his father, who perhaps thought, by advancing his interest, he secured his happiness!—This is a fault in a parent, yet it is too common; it might, in some degree, be excused in Mr. Linus; because his son was then free, he thought the lady his father had proposed to him as agreeable as any he had ever seen, and found no difficulty in obeying a parent, whose too severe injunctions he had sometimes found painful.

On a marriage with *any* person, without his approbation, he had frequently threatened to disinherit a son who never offended him; and who pursued his addresses to the lady I have mentioned, not only as a duty enjoined by paternal authority, but with a hope of future comfort,

fort, mutual promises (which, when they relate to matrimony, are of a sacred nature) had passed between them, when he accidentally saw Caroline Pelham!—*Then* it was that regret assailed the heart of the accomplished Linus; and though he knew it was impossible to withdraw himself from the chains in which he was held by another, he could not, after several interviews, conceal from Caroline the ascendancy she had gained over his heart!—She did not for a long time verbally own her regard, and has often told me she did not think it love; but it was easily seen by any one less penetrating than Thanet Linus; and he observed it with a kind of painful pleasure: the recollection of his unfortunate contract, would intervene in the midst of mutual harmony and joy, gave way to the most acute reflections.

I feel for Miss Pelham, said I; how long has the gentleman been married?

Full

Full four years, she returned, yet Caroline has never admitted the thought of another, though I know she has had some offers; which one who knew nothing of the circumstance I have related, would condemn her for refusing. But though she is situated in a manner not unlike poor Lavinia Cottrell, yet she has a spirit that will not stoop to give her hand, when her heart cannot be an accompaniment !

She expressed herself in those very terms to me, one day, and smiling, after it had passed her lips, said,—Don't you think I give myself fine lady-like airs, when I tell you I will not *stoop* to give my hand, while the worthy man I have refused, is situated in a style considerably above my expectations? it is the *deceit* which I must have practised, makes me say, I will never stoop to such a meanness !—and I really believe she never will !

I could

I could not help remarking, that there was something romantic in Caroline's continued regard, so long after his marriage;—and really, said I, Miss Brilliant, I think as a friend, and to rouse her from the drooping state into which she is plunging herself, you should tell her, it is neither prudent nor delicate to love a married man!

I can *no* more take the liberty of entering so deeply with her, on so tender a subject, said she; I once distressed her too much by speaking to that effect!

You tell me, said Caroline, that I *ought* not to love Mr. Linus, now he is married; you don't know the pain you give me, Miss B——, pursue *your* duty in the exemplary manner you have ever done, and I will *strive* to do mine;—I know I *ought* not to love the lost regretted youth!—I hope I *do* not love him; but I *must* remember him with unceasing respectful *esteem*; and assure you, that the very circumstance which has deprived

ed me of him for ever, has made his memory dear to me; because it convinced me, that his honour was dearer to him than any other consideration!—Had he married me, I might then have been allowed to *love* him more; but I must have *honoured* him less; neither, under such circumstances, could I have been happy!—The idea of her distress, who is now his *happy* partner, would have reproached me!—I should have considered myself as the destroyer of her peace, nor could all the tender endearments of the engaging Thanet have consoled me!—I have now, *however*, one comforting reflection, that no artifice was practised by me, to draw him from the steady path of duty, in which he had so long trodden!—I had thought the principles on which I acted would have secured me from the anxiety I have nevertheless experienced!—I believed myself so strong, that I once thought I could hear of his marriage with composure, and was in
daily

daily expectation of the news, which however no sooner arrived, than all my fancied powers failed me!—I sunk into a languor, from which all my arguments with myself could not rouse me; and I will own to you, Miss B——, continued poor Caroline, that I even wished I had indulged myself in some of those arts which too many of our sex pursue, in order to have prevented the union. I *might* have secured him, said I, if I had appeared before him, distressed and grieving, (which would not have been feigned) at the approaching event,—had pointed out to him the methods he might have taken to have excused his conduct, and secured our lasting felicity!

Had I but followed the dictates of affection, instead of adhering to what the world calls *Prudence* (cold unnatural word,) I *must* have gained him by such persuasive, and surely innocent artifices, and Thanet Linus! would have been my companion—my friend—my husband!—

But

But these ideas, Miss B——, were only the first overflowings of poignant regret!— They were not, I am thankful they were not, the native sentiments of my mind; and a few hours rest, or rather a few hours reflection, for rest forsook me!—

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
Swift on his downy pinions——

flew from Caroline; and, like the dove from Noah, returned no more till the olive branch (emblem of peace) was found to calm the agitation of her inundated spirits. Reflection restored me to myself—but not to joy!

The same principles of rectitude on which, to the utmost of my power, I had always endeavoured to act, resumed their stations, and reproached me keenly, for suffering the illusions of my weak imagination to displace, for a moment, the guards of stability. I again found my fortitude strengthened, and considered myself as the conqueror of my own weakness!

For

For several days I believed myself mistress of my heart, and thought I could have seen or conversed, as usual, with my beloved Linus, without danger—regret,—or emotion!——But I had a second time deceived myself in the same way.—Taking a book into the meadow, one evening, in order to amuse a solitary hour, I cast my eye on, before I could well read, a single sentence on which I had heard the eloquent Thanet carry on a most interesting and elegant discourse; and all his accomplishments instantly recurred to my mind. The effect was as the sudden shock of electricity, but *not so momentary!*

I walked to the stile, and supported myself against it, while a few friendly tears kept me from a more languid and more painful sensation. What recollections!—What exquisitely painful, yet delightful recollections, did those few words revive in my mind!——They brought his person before my eyes!——

M

His

His voice, which was music itself, though not effeminate, vibrated on the organs of hearing; and I remembered how profitable to the listener were the words of his mouth, dictated by wisdom, and spoken with judgment!—But you knew him, Miss B——, said she, and why should I dwell on his merits!

I have given you her little story in her own words, Miss Digby, said Miss B——, thinking it might be more agreeable than my own comments, and now what can we say of her?

Such circumstances do not occur very often, said I, and I pity Caroline most sincerely; yet I think, as her lover married, she need not be so very scrupulous. She does not wish to live single all her days, I suppose, any more than the rest of us. But do you think she would have consented to an union with Linus, in case he had forsaken the lady to whom his promise was given?

I am

I am sure she would *not*, said Miss B——; I used to question her closely, for we are very firm friends, and I once asked her that.

You have very little idea, Miss B——, said she, of the nature of my regard for Mr. L——; it is founded on a knowledge of, and heightened by the contemplation of his exemplary merits!—*Had* he been *free*!—lifting up her eyes to heaven—what is it that Caroline would not have done to have gained his entire affection, and contributed to his happiness?

But much as I am *obliged* to own his superior power over my mind, while he is so every way amiable, yet allow me to say, Miss B——, and *believe* me,—I should not long value a perjured man!—Miss X, who will shortly be his wife!—has a right to his sincerity.—I have innocently injured her too much, by robbing her of a portion of his love.—Could he be guilty of deceiving her, the foundation of my esteem would be undermined,

mined, and love must be buried in the ruins!—The man who can break a vow of that nature before marriage, will never think himself *bound* to another, even though the most sacred and solemn ceremony has been performed!—Therefore, Miss B——, you are witness to my words—I will *never* marry the man I love!—and will honour him for wedding another! *

But we have taken a long walk, Miss Digby, said Miss B——, our family will think they have lost us.—I wish Caroline had been with us; I am sure this pleasant morning would have cheered her spirits, which I believe were not much raised by the garden-conversation last night. I have a notion *that* caused the indisposition of which she complained, when we requested her company.—You may be sure, Maria, I was sorry

* The above conversation passed between Miss Pelham and Miss Brilliant, before Mr. Linus married.

that

that I had “ touched upon a string on which hung all her sorrows ! ” but I had not the least suspicion that the subject had any affinity to her misfortune ; for surely a misfortune it is, and should teach you, Miss Eglantine, to make yourself not only easy, but happy, in the absence of Lionel, and be thankful that though he has left you for a time, he is not lost for ever.

The story of Miss Pelham furnished us with matter for various remarks in our return, till coming to the avenue which leads to the parsonage, where you know the garden is separated only by an ever-green hedge, our attention was called off to the very young lady I have mentioned, who was seated on a bench on the other side, the back of which was towards us, and forgetting she was so near the foot-path, was reading a letter which we knew to have been formerly from her lover, by the remarks she made thereon.—At length, folding it up——
When,

When, said she, most valued, and ever-regretted Linus, will incidents cease to recal thee to my memory?—*Thee* whom it is my duty to forget!—But that is a duty I can never perform, till I have forgot myself, and am forgotten!

Now I am angry with her, said Miss B——, I am *very* angry with her; that is as much as to say, she will hug her chains as long as she lives!—Positively I will tell her what we have heard, as soon as I go in, and give her a sharp lecture; but she is so foolishly romantic, there is no bearing it!—I declare a little time after her first meeting with Linus, she was walking in a field, he was going to the next village, and overtook her; of course they walked together, and as he handed her over the stile, she observed he had grey gloves on; and from that time, till she heard of his marriage, she would never wear any gloves but grey; What can you call *that* but enthusiastic nonsense?

It

It was something like a young lady, said I, who wanted to wear a *green gown*, when she was going to dance with a gentleman dressed in the same colour,—(I have heard of such a circumstance by accident, Miss Eglantine) and, continued I, as Miss P—— was much about her age, or a little more, at that time it was excusable.

But let me persuade you, Miss B——, said I, to suspend the lecture you threaten; those are tender subjects, and we cannot judge of the feelings of others. —However, I found Miss Brilliant's anger had more affection than unkindness!—She took out her handkerchief and wiped away a few friendly tears.

What am I to do about it? said amiable Miss B——, shall I let her alone, and see her pine herself into a decline, because she obstinately refuses to love any man but him she has lost?—Indeed, Miss Digby, you need not advise me,
for

for I love her as my sister, and shall treat her as one !

Though I was sincerely sorry for Miss Pelham, and admired Miss B——'s affectionate warmth, I could not help interrupting her, by laughing excessively at her vehement disapprobation of her unfortunate friend, who *obstinately* refuses to *love* any person but her lost favourite. I think, Miss B——, said I, you had better consider yourself as her mother, and, with authority, *insist* on her *loving* one of her present admirers !—When she recollected what she had said, it excited her risibility also, and she laughed and cried at once.

But I mean, Miss D——, continued Miss B——, that she might receive the addresses of a worthy man, *without* loving him.

I could not agree with her there, and we concluded it would be best to let Miss P—— take her own methods to conquer her unhappy attachment.

We

We had now reached the house, which Caroline entered, just as we were sat down to breakfast. She had put on a bonnet, with a veil of deep gauze over the face; but it did not conceal from us the effects of that tenderness she had just been indulging.

After breakfast Miss B—— tapped Miss Pelham on the shoulder, and they retired to the dressing-room, and I to my own chamber.—I could not take the liberty of interrupting, but feared the former had forfeited her word with me, which was actually the case; for, joining me an hour after,—I could not resist, said she, the desire I had of telling Caroline that we heard her determination never to forget Thanet, which, in other words, I told her was saying, she would never cease to love him!—I talked to her in the gentlest terms, and hope I have done some good.—It hurt me, Miss Digby, to hear her declare her secret sentiments this morning, and I beg the

favour of you to accompany me to the dressing-room, and assist me in advising her!—Never mind giving her a few moments pain, she may in future thank us,—I would have declined, but she insisted.

On entering the dressing-room, Miss Pelham thus addressed me :

I find, Miss Digby, my kind friend has disclosed to you the *most* interesting event of my life ; for though previous and succeeding unfortunate circumstances have “ led the van,” and I believe will “ bring up the rear,” yet *that* of all others seems to have settled on my heart ! —I am infinitely obliged by the attention of my friends, and to none more than Miss Brilliant, yet she should not have divulged the secret.

She has done honour to you and her own heart, by such disclosure, said I; and I hope Miss Pelham will believe me sincere when I assure her, the recital has engaged the warmest wishes of Miss Digby,

Digby, who hopes to be separated from the number of her acquaintances, and ranked in the more desirable circle of Miss Pelham's friends.

Miss P—— was making a cap; I saw her hand tremble;—the needle would not steadily perform its office; and she laid it aside.—I continued:

After the advice you have, at various intervals, received from Miss B——, and after the reflections to which your own heart must naturally have led you, it seems unnecessary for me to point out to a young lady who is not uninformed on the most important duties, the necessity of our resignation to the casual interruptions of this eventful life!

Fortitude is perfectly consistent with female softness, as courage is a masculine virtue.—*We* despise the opposite sex, when they want that degree of perfection which gives them the title of protectors; and *they* think meanly of *us*, when we suffer ourselves to be overpowered

powered by weakness, which, when indulged to excess, may gain our pity, but not excite approbation.

Miss Pelham seemed much affected by what I said, and replied, I shall think myself always indebted to you, Miss Digby, for the friendly part you have taken in my favour: you have pointed out the impropriety of my conduct very clearly to me!—I have examined myself on the same subject very, *very* often, and have fancied I have gained the victory; but a slight circumstance is able to overpower me; and I have the task all to perform over again; yet I trust, with supreme assistance,—I shall one day return to my duty!——

And admit another lover, I hope, Miss Pelham (said Miss Brilliant, who wished to make her chearful); what the *goodness*, are all the poor sparks to be put out with cold water, because they are not so shining as your flame was?—I have no notion of *that* indeed!—I shall
put

put in a good word for *somebody*, in a little time, I assure you.

I fear Miss B—, it will be in vain, replied her friend. I *may* overcome my weakness perhaps, so far as to be at peace with myself, and be reconciled to my situation in time;—but matrimony, with *any* person, seems to me *now*—a very improbable consideration, and is by no means consonant to my ideas of happiness; while I have really no heart to give; for he who won it, (I will not say *stole*, he never was guilty of meanness) has not yet been generous enough to send it back again!—and even, should he shortly return it, there are still three powerful reasons to keep me from matrimonial engagements!—

I scarce admit a possibility that Thanet Linus has a *superior*!—He has taught me *one* fault, that is ambition!—having had the honour of pleasing *him*, can I, can I, Miss B——, submit to marry any person—*his inferior*?—And where shall

shall I find his *equal*?—If he *has* an equal — Miss Eglantine has found him!

I am sure my gentle Mary will afford a few tender drops in pity to the unfortunate Caroline, who loved and was beloved by such a man as Campden!—She will forgive and admire her romantic constancy,—and I am mistaken if she does not say, had I lost Lionel, I would have acted the same!

We said but little more; I ventured to expostulate on the impropriety of making any vow against matrimony, and told her it might yet happen, that she might meet with one to comfort and console her for the loss of her amiable admirer!

I saw the subject grew painful to her; she moved from her seat, saying, I shall never cease to esteem you, Miss Digby, for the affectionate marks of friendship I have this morning received from you; but this subject is so delicate, I must beg to wave it in future; you have never experienced

perienced fimilar fituations, therefore cannot be a competent judge of my feelings ; and even had you known fomething like it, you could not even *then* have difcerned what paffes in *my* heart, unlefs you had known, as well as *I* know,—the *virtues* of *Tbanet Linus*!

She walked to the other end of the room, and played an air on the piano-forte.—Mifs Brilliant gave me a fignificant nod or two, while the moving of her lips, though fhe could not then fpeak out, told me we had talked to little purpofe.

I am defired to attend in the parlour, you will therefore excufe me for the prefent. You are indebted to a wet afternoon for what I have written to-day.—I will not promife to renew my employment to-morrow, but perhaps may give you a line or two.

Friday Morning.

This is more than I expected.—
I did not think this letter would
5 have

have had any of my attention, at least till night; but I have a trifling incident to relate.—When I was summoned last night to the parlour, I expected tea was waiting; but, on my entrance, found Mr. Caffock there, who came to offer us tickets, to admit us to see a play performed in a farmer's barn, by a company of itinerants.—Miss Pelham declined, urging indisposition, (which was really the case) till Miss B——, who thinking it would amuse her, said she should take it unkind if she continued to refuse.—You know I like to see a rustic play of all things, Caroline, said she, and shall be vastly disappointed if I must stay at home with *you* all the evening; and I assure you I will not go without you. Miss P——, was obliged to consent.

Pray, my sweet *angel*, said Mr. Caffock, to poor Caroline, what is the reason that your angelic face is always

Like the April morn, clad in a wintry cloud?

Has.

Has some hard-hearted lover forsaken
you?—Or have you

Never told your love,—but let concealment, like
a worm i'the bud, feed on your damask cheek ?”

But half our sex, continued he, have no
more feeling than a *marble monument* !—
They think no more of animated beauty,
than they do of their *Creed* !—But,
dear angelic lady, if this is your case,
comfort yourself, that you are not the
only sufferer by the perfidy of man!—
O thou “ *Rose of Sharon, and Lily of
the Valley,*” said he, snatching Caroline’s
hand, if a certain lady, who has just
left the room, would suffer me to hope,
thus would I kneel to her, and, with
tender airs, and melting accents, tell
her, that “ Music has charms to
soothe the savage breast !”—And then
began singing

Lovely

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain,
 Prays you would not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain!

How it put me in mind of Leonard!
 —How truly despicable did Cassock
 appear!—I could no longer refrain
 from speaking, and pitying Caroline's
 confused anger, told him, that, though
 a stranger, I must take the liberty of
 saying, he had taken very unbecoming
 freedoms, in questioning Miss Pelham
 on subjects which could not be of conse-
 quence to him; and that his impolite
 imputations and remarks were too un-
 worthy to flow from the lips of one
 whose profession gave him the *title* of
gentleman; and indeed, added I, such a
 posture as you have just risen from, is
 excessively disgusting to those who are
 interested in the honour of your frater-
 nity; and I perceive it is very offensive
 to Miss Pelham, though she is not in
 spirits

spirits to reprove you, as (I am sure) her inclination prompts.

You would have laughed, Maria, to have seen how astonished he looked, little expecting serious reproof from a person who never saw him till last Monday!—But I had heard his character from Miss B——, who is incessantly tormented with his company.—She was not in the room during this strange behaviour, or he would not have gone so far.

Pray, my dear Madam, said he, give me leave to ask you, if you are *solemnly* inclined to chastise me?

I replied I was *seriously* inclined to it.

Then let me tell you, Madam, said he, that I think it is very unnatural, to see a lady, in the bloom of five or six and twenty, as you appear to be, affecting the wisdom and gravity of fourscore!—By *St. Paul*, Madam, if your face and trappings did not *speak* you a modern, I should have taken you, by your discourse, for one of the *antediluvians*!

Wbose

Whose face and trappings has been speaking, Sir? said Miss Brilliant, (who entered just as he had said St. Paul) so you are making metaphors now, to divert Miss Digby, it seems?

That misplaced word was rather an oversight, Madam, said he, but I am *serious*!

I rather think it was a slip of the tongue, Sir, said Miss B——, and I am *joking*.

The servant came in with the tea;—Mrs. Brilliant followed, and Mr. Cassock did not renew his discourse to me, neither did I take any notice of his antediluvian comparison.

While we were at tea, Mr. B——, who had the news paper in his hand, read aloud a paragraph, stating the particulars of a mutinous commotion among the collegiates of Oxford.

Mr. Brilliant and Cassock conversed some time; at length the malicious prelate,

late, who had not forgiven me, turned towards me.

As you are so clever, Madam, said he, at offering advice, and giving reproof, I think it is a pity that some of those young gentlemen are not within the reach of your *scourge*, you would lash their follies without mercy !

I would have you consider, Madam, the difference between the circumstance Mr. B —— has just favoured us with and the fault (though it was no fault) for which you thought proper to chastise me !

Mr. and Mrs. B ——, and their daughter, could not imagine to what he alluded ; but he told them it was between ourselves, and continued :

If you had ever seen the extra-regular exploits of these extra-judicials, or *out-laws*, I *might* have said ; but as Miss B —— tells me, I *am* apt to converse in a style something above the comprehension of a common understanding——

Miss

Miss Digby is not much obliged to you for that explanation, Sir, said Miss B——; I fancy she would have guessed your meaning;—but I believe you are particularly cross to-night, as you use so many X X's. I wish you would make haste with your tea, that we may go to the play.

I only wish, said Mr. Caffock, to relate a few stories of some of our young Oxford chaps. I should like to hear what sentence this lady would pass upon them.

I beg you will relate nothing about them, Sir,—said I, I have no pleasure in hearing stories to the disadvantage of those I know nothing about, nor indeed of any one!—There are exceptions to all rules; and the University of Oxford contains virtue, as well as vice!

You will give me leave, Madam, said he, to know something more relative to the movements of the University, than you can possibly do; I have left it but two years.

Has

Has there been an earthquake, Sir?
said Miss B——, very seriously.

Madam! said he!

I thought, as you said the University had *mov'd*, there had been something of an earthquake, Sir; and it rather shock'd me, said Miss B——!

Indeed, Miss B——, said Mr. C——, I don't understand your frequent observations on my expressions; any person might have known I meant the movements, or the actions, of the society!

As you have so lately left the University, said I, perhaps you knew a Mr. Campden, or Mr. Eglantine, who I believe is there now?—I gave a sign to my friend, to take no notice that she knew either.

The latter was there when I quitted, said he.—Pray, Ma'am, are you acquainted with him? I dined with him once on my way to London, said I, with a party who knew his family, and I thought him a very agreeable youth.

I imagine

I imagine you did, Ma'am, said the ill-natured young man ;—he was always a favourite with the ladies ; and he'll make some of their hearts ache, one of these days, take my word for it !—I dare say he has been at the head of this *sedition*, mentioned in the paper.—He and Campden,—did you know Campden, Ma'am ?—I replied I had never seen him.—You have had no loss, said he ;—Campden and Eglantine were the ring-leaders of mischief !—If I had related half I know of their proceedings, they must have been expelled the University for their contrivances !—They have borrowed money of me many a time to carry on their projects ;—and when they have received supplies from their friends, have bribed me to secrecy ! Miss B——, I saw, with difficulty reined in the indignation which her countenance visibly discovered, while this young parson was traducing the characters of your amiable brother and lover !

I could

I could not help recollecting the remark of Miss Hannah More, which may be well applied to Singleton and Caslock,

A red coat is not courage, nor a black one devotion.

I thought this a good opportunity to humble the arrogance of this illiberal *Censor*;—therefore taking out Miss Wingham's letter, I read to him that passage wherein your brother so properly distinguishes between submission and adoration, even though in a jest!—I also read the account of Mr. Campden's and your brother's generosity; and spoke of them as they deserve: I told him, that if those gentlemen had ever debased themselves by offering bribes, the person who received them was equally disgraced.

For my part, said Mrs. B——, I cannot imagine what you are all talking about!—Nor I, said Miss B——; I

N

considered

considered it as a mere joke at first, but I believe there is something more in it than I can find out.

I will soon explain it, said Miss Pelham.—Mr. Cassock thinking himself so *heavenly minded*, flattered himself an *angel* had appeared to him, and, mistaking a woman for the angelic messenger, fell down on his knees to adore *me*.

Miss Brilliant looked at Mr. Cassock with freezing sternness!—I shall not trouble you much oftener, Sir, said she, with my advice; therefore if you are so fond of adoration, listen to me for once:—Pay your addresses to Miss Plum, the rich heiress; and, in order to enforce your suit, worship the *golden image*!

Mr. Cassock, for once, looked abashed; he rose and walked about the room, with his boots creaking, in concert with his vexation.

I humbly acknowledge myself in a very obvious error, ladies, said he, but I hope it is not unpardonable;—as to what
I have

I have asserted relative to young Mr. Eg-lantine, I am very much concerned about; because as I find this lady (to me) is acquainted with his family, it may bring on some irksome reflections, and make her unhappy.—But, Ma'am, it is two years since I was at the University;—two years may have made a great change!—and if he is so happy as to possess the affections of such an amiable, *divine* creature, as I am sure you must be, since you so kindly engage in the cause of your friends, no doubt his own understanding, and your tender assiduities, will completely convert him!

I only bowed.

That is the first speech I ever heard you make, said Miss B——, suited to a common understanding; there is no inexplicable word, nor mysterious metaphor *there*: but be assured, Sir, much as you strive to gloss over your fault, (which however you have called an *error*) it has given a wound to one who values

Leonard

Leonard Eglantine ; and that wound is not healed by your rhetoric ; therefore do not probe it more deeply by unmanly apologies.

Had I known Mr. Eglantine had been a lover of Miss Digby, Ma'am, said he, I am sure I should have had more sensibility than to have expressed myself in the terms I did, and very submissively beg her pardon !

Or had you known she had been so well acquainted with his family, returned Miss B——, for I believe your greatest fear now is, that Mr. Leonard may hear it.—I am always angry with my *own* sex, when they detract the absent ;—but when a *man* descends so low, it discovers a degree of pusillanimity that makes him *despicable*.

Mr. B—— left the room, to settle some accounts with his tradesmen, and Mrs. B—— telling us to decide the matter among us, followed him.—Mr. Cassock seated himself by Miss Brilliant.

Though

Though the cogency of your expressions, Madam, said he, are poinards to my heart, yet I am obligated to acknowledge the *pulchritude* of your speech, delivered with so much feminine energy in the cause of friendship; but I assure you, Madam, you do me an injustice, to insinuate that I am in any degree pusillanimous. — I do not desire that lady to conceal from Mr. Eglantine what I have said, and if he is enraged, which he has no right to be (for he knows he has borrowed money of me) I am ready to accept a challenge at any time!

So, Sir, said Miss B——, I perceive your motive for mentioning the challenge, is to bind the lady to secrecy! — You think she will conceal the affair, to keep the gentleman from danger! — But Virtue and Vice are very unequal combatants; and he who is in the right cause would surely be the Victor! — We cannot judge what reason you had
to

to say,—had you discovered Mr. Eglantine's proceedings at Oxford, he would have been expelled!—and I shall so far espouse your cause respecting his contracted debts, as to say, that if *payment* has not yet been made, I hope you will one day receive it with *interest*.—But, ladies, said Miss B——, rising, do you mean to go to the play?—We replied in the affirmative, and went up stairs for our hats.

Miss B—— sat down by the side of the toilette, while Miss Pelham pinned on her bonnet at the glass.—Caroline, said she, it's *I* that am to stay at home at last; for I will not avail myself of Cassock's ticket, I can assure him!—I shall give it to one of the servants!

In vain Miss P—— and I strove to persuade her to accompany us, or give us leave to decline his tickets likewise!

Do not ask me, said she, but oblige me by going yourselves.—I have long wished an opportunity to break off all acquaint-

acquaintance with him, but could never find any argument powerful enough to silence his persevering impertinences!—What he has said of Mr. Eglantine has engaged all the powers of my heart against him; and while you are at the play, I shall write my sentiments, and give him the letter when he returns.

It grew late, and we were obliged to go.

Miss B ——— is not ready, said Miss Pelham to Mr. Caffock; she has desired us to walk on.—This satisfied him; he thought she would come with her father, who had promised to be of the party. The play was *Tancred and Sigismunda*, written by our favourite Thompson! It is founded on that story in *Gil Blas*, which you have read at school.—The baleful marriage:—you will suppose it did not suit poor Caroline, she wished herself at home.—I shall not describe the abilities of the performers; after a London theatre, a confined barn, or
those

those performing therein cannot be supposed to have any great attractions; however, on the whole, it was better than I expected.

At the end of the second act Mr. B—— joined us. Mr. Cassock enquired for his daughter; and was answered, She does not chuse to come.

Mr. Cassock offered to go back and persuade her.—It will be of no use, Sir, said her father! for when she gets a *maggot* in her head, nobody can destroy it.

You may imagine we were not very sociable; yet Mr. C——'s civilities to me were incessant. As we were returning, he took Miss Pelham's arm and mine. (Mr. B—— walked on before.) Let me intreat, ladies said he, that the errors of this evening may no more be remembered. As a *subject*, I humbly hope for pardon from Queen Caroline; and that her example will shield me from the contempt of Miss Digby;—and if I dare

dare venture farther, it is to solicit their united interest to recover my lost *diamond*, which I will not this evening dim with my presence; and therefore (taking off his hat) wish you a good evening!

We assured him he had our forgiveness, but as to any intercession with Miss Brilliant—it was a liberty we could not take;—and added, that she must be guided by her own judgment.

Mr. B—— invited him to supper; but was refused.

On our entrance, we found Mrs. Reynard in the parlour; she had been playing at cribbage with her god-daughter, who was much concerned that Cassock did not call; she had the letter ready.

Before we had well taken off our cloaks, Mrs. R—— began questioning us about the play. We told her what it was; and sitting down to supper, which

had been waiting, Caroline said, the entertainment was the Stockwell Ghost !

Stockwell Ghost ! said Mrs. R—— ;
—Mercy on us ! what will they play at next ?

The Diable upon Two Sticks, Ma'am, said Miss B—— ; I think that's given out for to-morrow evening.

Mrs. R—— does not understand French, therefore Mr. B—— englished the word.—Miss B—— said, she should have been glad if she had gone, except on Cassock's account.

What ! to have seen a ghost ? said Mrs. R—— ; you delight in seeing wicked things, Sally, I think !—Upon my word, I half repent standing god-mother for you !—I think *there's* things enough to frighten us in the world, without wanting to see *ghostes* !

But these are only representations, Ma'am, said Miss B——, mere shadows, as it were.

Don't

Don't tell me of shadows, said she; many a person has seen the substance of a ghost, as well as the shadow, I can tell ye; and I am surprized the barn did not fall in *among* you to-night!

At her saying the *substance* of a ghost, we all burst into an united fit of laughter. Caroline, who was drinking, half strangled herself!—She often laughs to such an excess that it alarms her friends; it is hysterical, and never fails to make her spirits suffer severely in an hour or two afterwards.

In the midst of our mirth, a thundering knock at the door made us all start!—and Mrs. Reynard gave a loud shriek, putting her hands before her face!—There was none but the gardener and the maids in the house, who had also been to the play, and no doubt was talking in the kitchen on the same subject; so no one durst go to the door!—At last, on the knock being repeated, Mr. B—— rang the Bell. The gardener,

dener, 'still afraid, came to us; and, with an alarmed look said, Did you ring, Sir?

Mr. B——, seeing and pitying his consternation, went to the door himself, and opened it, the gardener standing behind him.

Do you not readily guess who it was, Maria!—You naturally judge it was Caffock?—It was!—He entered the room, pale and trembling; but could not speak for some time!—At last, on Mr. B——'s repeated questions, such as, What has happened? &c. he replied, falteringly,—I have *seen* something!

Mrs. R—— looked as much frightened as Mr. Caffock.

I thought no good would come of these conjuration *Play-Folks*, said she; and now I hope you are all satisfied.

By no means satisfied, Ma'am, said Miss B——, who could not now help shewing her generous disposition, in pitying the affrighted young man!—And
mixing

mixing him some rum and water by her father's order, offered it to him, and said,—But why don't you tell us what has alarmed you, Sir?—Have you been robbed?

Robbed!—foolish! said Mrs. R——; what do you ask such questions for?—Don't the man tell you he has *seen* something?

That's the very reason of our questions, said Mr. B——, rather angrily.—Don't terrify yourself so, Madam, I beg! —You may be sure nothing very terrible has happened, as he is alive and well; only a little scared.

Mr. Caffock, now more revived, informed us, that as he was passing through the church-yard, something, all of a sudden, *flew* out of a tomb, which had been opened in readiness for the interment of a deceased person.

What!—had it wings? said Mrs. Reynard.—Did you speak to it?—

What

What colour was it?—What was it like?—Where did it go to, Sir?—Did it vanish?

No, Ma'am, said he; it had no wings; neither had I power to speak to it. It was of a brownish—blackish colour;—like a great shaggy dog;—and it jumped all about the church-yard!—No, Ma'am, it did not vanish;—I dare say it is there now!—I just came back to beg the favour of a blunderbuss, or *something of that kind*, said he!—If I had had my arms about me, I should not have been alarmed!

I believe you would not, even then, have forgot the use of your *legs*, Sir, said Miss B——, whose pity was now sinking into contempt;—but surely, Mr. Cassock, you don't mean to shoot at a ghost!

The only way is to say a verse or two out of something of Solomon's, said Mrs. Reynard;—it can have no power over you, while you repeat *Scripter*!—and as
Solomon

Solomon was the wisest man, I'd sooner say some of the Proverbs, than any thing out of the Book of *Levites*, or—What do you call it, *Ditteremany*, or *Sammywill*, or any of *them there*!

I think the only way is to go quietly home, without thinking any thing of the matter, said Mr. B——; so pray, Mr. Caffock, eat a bit of supper, and the gardener and I will attend you home. I have no idea that we shall see a ghost in the church-yard, and shall be glad to find out what has so much surprised you.

They all went together, and we sat up till Mr. B——, came back. Mrs. R—— was so alarmed, that she staid all night!

What do you imagine was the formidable phantom that had so terrified the heartless clergyman?—Nothing but a poor harmless black sheep, belonging to Farmer Solid!—It had crept through the hedge to eat the grass, and having, perhaps,

haps, satisfied its appetite, had lain down to rest in the tomb, and on Mr. Caffock's passing, had rushed out affrighted, which caused all his unmanly conjectures and terrors.—I think a courageous man might have been startled for a moment at such a circumstance; but to suppose it a spirit, was, in a clergyman, weakness indeed!

When the hour of retirement arrived, Miss Pelham and I went into Miss Brilliant's room, desirous of knowing what she had resolved on respecting Mr. Caffock, and to tell her his concessions made to us.

I was soon determined, said she; I never liked him; and hope I have given him a dismissal, which will free me entirely from his company.—I have written a short note; (which she gave me leave to copy, and is as follows:)

Your innumerable *follies*, Mr. Caffock, were always unwelcome, whenever
you

you interrupted me with your company ; yet, out of civility to your family, they were reluctantly admitted : but as I have this day learnt that you have *vices* also in your train, I must assure you, neither they, nor their master, shall again find access to the presence of

SARAH BRILLIANT.

P. S. A certain circumstance proves that I did not use a wrong word, when I imputed *pussillanimity* to Mr. Caffock.

Miss B —— ordered the gardener to take the letter by six in the morning, lest Mr. Caffock should come to breakfast ; and rejoicing that she had discarded him, we removed to our separate apartments. — And as I have now finished the detail, I wish you, my dear Miss Eglantine, a pleasant walk, or ride, if you intend to take one ; for I find myself inclined for a good breakfast. — Adieu.

Two days more, and I leave this sweet retirement,

retirement, and its amiable inhabitants ; but Miss Brilliant promises to return with me.

Saturday Night, Ten o'Clock.

OH ! my dearest Mary !—My dear Miss Eglantine !—I have something to tell you that will draw your attention ! —That will interest your heart !

Immoderate joy, and extreme anguish, by turns, so thoroughly possess my mind, that I know not where or how to begin !—I must lay my pen aside awhile, and collect my confused ideas, in order to range them, if possible, in a connected train.

When I left off conversing (as I always call writing) with you, yesterday morning, I had not seen any of our domestic party ; we met with the usual greetings in the breakfast parlour, where we passed an hour in the most chearful manner, talking over the different occurrences of the preceding day. As a large party was expected to dinner,

Miss

Miss B——, myself, and Miss P—— attended the toilette sooner than usual. Mrs. Reynard soon followed, and said, if we had no secrets to talk over, she would bring her work, and sit with us; adding, that she liked to see the young ladies put on their finery.

We were all in glee, and were pleased that she came. She is a motherly affectionate woman, and the deficiency of her education takes nothing from the innate goodness of her heart.—Her good-natured, satirical jokes on our clothes, as we laid them ready on the bed, diverted us excessively!—We loitered away the time very idly for half an hour, when Caroline observing there were three of us to dress, and each wanted some of her assistance, Miss B—— immediately stripped off her gown and cap, and slipping on a white *Robe de Chambre*, sat down to the glass, while Miss Pelham offered to be her hair-dresser, which her friend gladly consented to.

I seated

I seated myself at the window, and took up the Vicar of Wakefield, which I read aloud. Mrs. Reynard placed herself on the opposite side, and was weaving thread on some bobbins from a wheel ready for lace-making, an employment she is very fond of. I thought it the most agreeable morning I had passed since I came; and it gave us all pleasure to see Caroline so chearful. I had just come to the description of Carolina-Wilhelmina-Amelia Skeggs, and that comical good-natured chimney corner, Mr. Burchell, when Mrs. Reynard's observations on the long name and strange characters, prevented me for some time from continuing.—I laughed excessively, and my companions joined.—I took away my book, and was preparing to dress.

O dear, dear heart! said Mrs. Reynard, let's hear how they go on, *howsoever*, Miss Digby; you'll be ready time enough, if you don't begin this hour.

Mrs.

Mrs. Brilliant don't dine till four o'clock to-day ; and I want to hear what becomes of Carolina *Williamminor*.—I took my seat again, and had read a few pages of the next chapter, when a glance of some body passing, occasioned me to lift up my head.—Step this way quick, pray ladies, said I ; and tell me who is this officer and lady going by.—

Officer! did you say ? said Miss B— ; stand out off the way, Caroline!—God-mamma, take up your rattletraps, or I shall clear the way before me ; I'd run a mile without hat or cloak, to look at an officer!—Then eagerly looking forward, the gentleman turned his head, and Miss B— exclaimed,—Just Heaven ! Caroline ! It is Major Heartfield and his sister !

It is !—I see it is indeed ! said Miss Pelham !—Excellent,—gallant youth !—When could he return ?

Miss B—— walked to the bed-side, and sitting down at the corner, clasped
the

the bed-post; and leaning her head against it, the tears fell copiously from her eyes, and Caroline's paid the same tribute!—I could not conceive the cause, but sympathy obliged me to join;—and Mrs. Reynard often applied her handkerchief!—Full ten minutes past on before any of us spoke; when Miss B——, lifting up her head, looked at Miss Pelham, and again concealing her face as before—

Oh! that worse than——worse than——but the whole world will not afford me a comparison, said she!

Oh! that O'Hara!

Don't grieve yourself about him, my dear, said her kind god-mamma, (who was much afflicted,) *it* will come home to him, it will come home to him, take my word for it, or my name is not Reynard!

I wished to hear the circumstances which had caused their sorrow, but did not then ask it.—I thought the question would be unseasonable, and rose to dress.

Mrs. Reynard strove to persuade the ladies to go on with their employment, observing to Miss B——, that there *was* many things to do; and her Mamma would expect something more from her that morning than just *bedecking* her own person.—I am sure, added she, you have made me so dull, and so *downhearted*, that I shall go and see if I can be of any use any where else; and quitted the room.

It must appear very singular to you, Miss Digby, said Miss B——, that the sight of a neighbour passing by should have occasioned the agitation which has overpowered *us*, and affected *you*!—The young officer, who went by just now is lately come from Margate, where he has been for six weeks with his mother, and sister, the young lady you saw with him.—She went for the benefit of the sea air; her health is in a declining state, which, when you hear the circumstances

cumstances I have to relate, will not much surprise you !

I think her brother is not unlike the Lieutenant described so amiably by Mr. Eglantine.—The lamb, and the wild beast, might have been given to Major Heartfield with equal propriety, as emblems of his heroic and gentle disposition !—A more dutiful son, or affectionate brother, is no where to be found ; and he is in the army equally famed for his bravery, justice and humanity !—Reflect on the sorrows of sweet Clara Heartfield, Miss Pelham, said she, and then how trifling does your loss appear !

I acknowledge it does, said Caroline ; I hope I shall be able to overcome it ;—yet there was something—

At that moment Mrs. B—— came up stairs, and did not seem pleased that her daughter was not quite dressed. She staid a quarter of an hour, and they went down together.

Miss

Miss Pelham would have renewed the story, but a message from Miss B——, begging her assistance in some little preparation, deprived me still of hearing a circumstance which had greatly excited my curiosity.—I was soon dressed *now*, and hastened to the parlour, where Mrs. Reynard was sitting.—The young ladies soon joined us, and we had just renewed the discourse, when Mrs. Reynard, who was standing at the window, said,—*and, as I am alive*, here they come, in all this shower of rain!

Already, Ma'am, said Miss B——! *it's* not two o'clock yet.

I don't mean the company, child, replied Mrs. R——, it is Major and Miss Heartfield.

They came up to the gate, and the Major requested the favour of an umbrella for his sister, who was unwilling to come in;—but Mrs. B—— going herself to intreat, she consented, and they entered the house.

O

Major

Major Heartfield appears to me about thirty years of age. He is very tall, and rather portly ; his complexion is very swarthy, which, to me, is agreeable ; —I think it has a manly look, and shews the person (if an officer particularly) to great advantage, when near a fair woman. His eyes are black, and very expressive ; his voice rather rough, and his countenance interesting !—indeed he is altogether a handsome man, and his manners are politely engaging.

Miss Heartfield is rather younger than Miss Brilliant. As much as I could venture to consider her person, I thought her pretty. Her stature is something above the middle size ; and her shape very slender ; but I am told she is much thinner than she used to be ; her complexion has not the least tinge of bloom, and she speaks in a faint languid voice, like one oppressed with care.

Miss B—— went to the door to meet them, which saved Miss Heartfield the

the pain of addressing her particularly on her entrance. She curtsied to Mrs. R——, as she entered the room, walked to Caroline, whose hand she took, with a faint *How d'ye do?*—and, with a polite inclination of her head to me, seated herself almost opposite.

Mr. Brilliant asked Major H—— some slight questions relative to military matters; and they conversed on several indifferent topics. I thought the Major looked at me very often; *so* much indeed that I felt confused, and should have thought him impertinent; had I not before heard him mentioned with respect.

I just attempted to ask Miss H——, if she had walked far? thinking the profound silence which reigned, except with her brother and Mr. B——, might give her a painful suspicion that I was acquainted with the cause of her sorrows.—To answer my question she was obliged to consider me more attentively

than she had done before, having chiefly regarded her brother and Mr. B——, as they were speaking.—As she looked full in my face, I observed a crimson glow immediately overspread her delicate complexion; but retreated immediately, and left her paler, if possible, than before!—Her lips had not the least colour remaining!—Her soft mild eyes closed their lids!—She fainted on Mrs. R——'s shoulder!

We hastened to procure some reviving drops; and I, who have felt that indescribable sensation, that sensible loss of sense, if I may call it so, took off her gloves, which is often a greater relief in that case than any application.—On her first finger was a mourning ring, with a weeping willow, drooping over an urn!—I was afraid my features unfortunately bore some resemblance to a friend she had lost, which accounted also for her brother's frequently directed looks at me. I observed he had left the room; and
fearing

fearing my presence, on Miss H——'s recovery, might again throw her into the same state, I retired to my room.

If I had had the least thought, I might before have judged the reason of the Major's looks, as his sister was in deep mourning, and himself in military!—But I was so interested with the little traits I had heard, that it escaped me, till I saw the mourning ring.

The windows of my room command a view of the garden; and I was looking out when I observed Major H—— walking just under me.—His pace was quick;—he turned frequently, and in visible agitation, talked to himself.—I distinctly heard him say—*Villain!*—He *shall* not live!—Then, putting his hand on his sword, repeated,—I vow to Heaven he shall not!—It still rained very fast; but he did not leave the garden till Miss Pelham went to inform him his sister was recovered, and wished him to return.

I'll

I'll attend her, said he ;—and politely taking the hand of Caroline, asked her some questions relative to the welfare of her family ; and attended her in.

Miss Pelham came up to me a few minutes after, and told me Miss H—— and her brother were gone ; Mr. B—— would have accommodated them with a brace of umbrellas, said she, but the Major said he had been accustomed to the inclemency of the weather ; therefore a shower of rain was too trifling to need a defence ; and with great civility refused. I *do* think they would have staid to dinner, continued Miss P——, had not company been expected ; but in that case *you* must——

We were interrupted by a summons to dinner ; Miss P—— followed me down. —I expected to have seen a large party ; but the rain had prevented the most part, which was to have been a whole family from the next village, one mile off ; there are several young ladies, and
two

two youths belonging thereto; they do not keep a carriage, and it was impossible for them to walk; therefore Mrs. B—— did not wait, and we sat down with only our usual society, and the addition of a gentleman and lady, who came in their own chariot.—As soon as we could conveniently withdraw after dinner, Miss B—— made an excuse to the lady, who was chiefly her mother's visitor, and saying we shall see you again, at tea, Ma'am, asked me, If I would accompany her to the dressing-room?

I rose, and we left the company.—Entering the room, Miss B——, shutting the door, said to me, in a low voice, —I am not sorry, Miss Digby, that Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, &c. &c. did not come to-day; they are very agreeable worthy people, and at another time I shall be happy, I am sure, to see them; but after the painful interruptions of this morning, the mind is not much disposed

posed for mirth; and Mrs. Freeman's children are under no restraint; and, what is rather unpleasant, she visits no where without taking them all with her, from her eldest daughter of fifteen, to her little son in petticoats. The eldest boy is about thirteen, and the next eleven; they would have been running in and out all this wet afternoon, or teasing Thomas to tie them up a swing in the barn; and the little ones would have been rioting up in my lap; for their mother never checks them with any proper authority. Perhaps she may say,—Don't do so, my dear!—I wo'n't suffer you to be rude!—You'll tear the lady's clothes!—But that is no restraint at all.—I am fond of playing with children who are well governed!—In what an exemplary manner *Mrs. Goodworth* conducts herself and her lovely family!—How very amiable, though in a high sphere of life, is her domestic management; she even, Miss Digby, knits thread

thread stockings for her little ones, and makes the most part of their clothes !— Her young family are under so much awe, though never treated with the least severity, that a dear little girl, of three years old, who has been told never to come on the marble-hearth, will skim round the carpet, in all manner of pretty attitudes, without attempting to step beyond.—I spoke improperly, when I used the word *awe*, because they do not obey from fear, but merely because they are taught that it is right to obey !—And they are just as orderly at meals, never crying for any thing refused or discontented with any thing given.

At that period Miss Pelham came into the room ; I beg your pardon, ladies, said she, I am but just come for my work-bag, and was going.

Don't go, Caroline, said Miss B——, Miss D——, and I have no secrets to talk off, in which you may not share.

O 5

I had

I had rather be excused, replied Miss P——, I naturally judge to what conversation this day's incidents lead, and I am *too* well acquainted with the story ; so adieu !—We bowed our heads in return.

As Miss Pelham is so good to sit with my Mamma and Mrs. Selby, said Miss B——, our absence, if we stay longer than they expect, will be less observed ;—and as we have two hours of wished-for leisure, I will relate to Miss Digby the short, but melancholy,

S T O R Y O F CLARA HEARTFIELD.

AS I wish to be as concise as possible continued Miss B——, I shall omit giving you any previous account of her family, farther than to inform you, her father was a silk-mercantile in a great way of business, situated in a principal town in Gloucestershire. He was a very prudent man, and had his children educated according to their expectations. He placed
all

all his hopes on seeing them comfortably settled, but never indulged them with the vain delusion, that he could ever give them a fortune!—Clara was the youngest, and just on the eve of departing for France, with a lady who had promised to be at the expense of her education, if her parents would consent to her accompanying *her* daughter, for two years, to a convent at St. ———.

Mr. Heartfield was very unwilling to part with her; but at last consented to the earnest intreaties of his child, to whom he refused nothing that could make her happy. Clara had a very improveable capacity; and though she loved her friends with the tenderest affection, would have suffered the pain of parting even for a longer time, to have reaped the advantage of an elegant education. She had in this proposal a double motive to animate the wish. She loved the young lady to whom she would have been a companion. Every requisite was
prepared

prepared for their departure, and they had taken leave of all their friends, except the mother of the young lady, whose intention was to see her child and charge committed safely to their next protectress. They proceeded chearfully on their journey to Dover, where they waited a few days till the ship was ready to sail for their short voyage. A dangerous fever at that time raged at Dover; the young travellers both caught it; and a few days deprived the suffering parent of her child!—Miss Heartfield of her affectionate young friend!—and put a period to their pursuit!

When Miss H—— was well enough to be removed, she returned to her father's.—She was then about fourteen; and being the youngest, had never been put to a public school. She was always the pet of the family, and her *too* fond parents had driven off the evil day (as they call it) to the last.

But I am lengthening the recital too
much,

much, said Miss B——; I shall, therefore, pass over two years more, with just observing, that some unfortunate and heavy losses in business, put it out of her father's power to educate her according to his desire, and her superior taste.—

In her sixteenth year, notwithstanding the disadvantages I have mentioned, she was not totally uninformed; her tender mother had given her every instruction in her power; and her own natural talents had assisted the work. She possessed every domestic requisite to make her the prudent mistress of an humbler household; but not the polished accomplishments supposed necessary for a higher sphere. Grief had not, at that time, made its ravages on her heart!—She had *felt*, but had not been *overwhelmed* with sorrow. Her figure and shape were elegant and agreeable!—Her countenance mildly engaging;—and, *tout-ensemble*, she was a lovely young woman!

Such as I have described her person,
and

and with a mind that encircled every feminine virtue, was Clara Heartfield, when an invitation to a monthly assembly first drew on her the attention of Mr. Rainsford, an accomplished youth about Mr. Campden's age.—He had a genteel fortune of 700*l.* a-year, a handsome person, polite address, and manners that, to a youthful and perhaps romantic turn of mind (which we all have in a degree), were irresistibly winning.

He chose her for his partner; and often have I heard her mention that evening with the most *sensible* sensibility!—He waited on her the next day, and was politely received by her friends!—His visits were repeated, and permitted by her father; for his character bore the most scrupulous enquiry. A year passed on in this agreeable manner, before he openly declared his mind; but she had every reason to suppose herself the object of his love!—He then first obtained her avowal of an equal attachment, and next
her

her leave to ask her of her father !——
 Mr. Heartfield consented, and he was
 publicly known to be her lover !—It was
 a circumstance of real joy to her good
 parents, who looked forward to the uni-
 on, as to the first blessing Providence
 could bestow !——Matters were thus far
 happily concluded, when, by the death
 of an uncle, Mr. Rainsford came into
 possession of a considerable estate. His
 income, which before was (as I informed
 you) 700*l. per ann.* was now double the
 sum, in thousands !——The will of his
 uncle also expressed, that the fortune was
 left him only on condition that he should
 take the name of the late possessor ; and
Rainsford was changed for *O'Hara* !——
 It was observed by Mrs. H——, that
 after Mr. Rainsford's lucrative turn of
 fortune's scale, her daughter grew pen-
 sive !——Most young people of her age
 would have been in a delirium of raptu-
 rous joy ; and the idea of approaching
 greatness, would have transported their
 senses

senses to future scenes of grandeur!—
 but Clara was not delighted at the
 change!—She wept in secret, and la-
 mented the cause!—Her Mamma anx-
 iously enquired the reason of her solici-
 tude?—I still wish, replied she, for the
 society of Rainsford, and fear I shall not
 find him in O'Hara!—He who once
 loved the humble Clara, will now think
 her too much beneath him!—He will
 seek a more accomplished companion!
 —He will probably find one;—but
 none will he meet with who love him as
 I do.—Gladly would I see him despoiled
 of his fortune, said she;—gladly would
 I see him far less rich than even Rains-
 ford was, that his true, his constant
 Clara might convince him she “loves
 him for himself alone!”

Mrs. H—— assured her her fears were
 romantic and imaginary; he will not de-
 sert you, my dear, said her mother!—
 He has obtained your father's consent,
 and

and has given you his vows!—You are too suspicious!

He did not see Miss H—— for many weeks, and her apprehensions took the alarm!—He, however, only staid away to settle the affairs in consequence of his uncle's decease; and returned to her as ardent as before!—He renewed his addresses with increased warmth; and the happiness of Clara, finding her fears groundless, is not to be conceived!—Some months passed on in this delightful harmony; she considered him as her husband, and he was “the whole world to her!”

One day, calling on her at an unexpected hour, he found her employed in pickling and preserving fruit;—he took no notice to her; but afterwards observed to her mother, how much he was hurt to see Miss Clara employed so meanly; adding, that as he shortly intended to make her his wife, he should hope never to see her performing household

hold *drudgery*, and intimated his wish that she was more accomplished !

Shortly after this he proposed that she should go to Bath, and there, in a private manner, have masters to instruct her in every polite acquirement, and be introduced in the best company. Her regard for him was so sincere, that as her whole wish was to please him, she agreed ; and, with her mother, and a maid-servant, took lodgings at Bath.—He was at Bath likewise ; and as he wished Miss H—— to be considered as a person of some distinction, above what she really was, insisted on Mrs. H—— allowing him to be at the expense of a man-servant for them, during their stay. Her mother very reluctantly agreed ; but he pointed out the propriety of such an addition ; and, on her daughter's account, she permitted it.

His behaviour to Clara was the most respectful and tender that can be imagined ; and he seemed happy in letting
his

his attachment be known! —To every genteel place of resort he accompanied her, and she appeared in a style suitable to her reasonable hopes. —It was at one of the dressed balls, at the new rooms, I first saw her; we conversed, and were pleased with each other. —From that time an acquaintance commenced, which grew to friendship, and Clara and I, said Miss B——, taking out her handkerchief—were inseparable!

Five minutes silence ensued, and my friend renewed her discourse.—You will imagine, Miss Digby, an invincible desire of acquiring every useful and elegant attainment, joined to the more animating hope of rendering herself every way agreeable to her lover, assisted her rapidly in her progress. She soon discovered the superior talents with which nature had endowed her, though they had hitherto been “repressed by chill penury,” which “froze the genial current of the soul!”

Do

Do you remember, Maria, that beautiful comparison of Addison's ; I think it is in the Spectator, and may be applied to the character just mentioned ; and indeed, to your Lavinia, who is one of the

—— Flowers doom'd to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air !

GRAY.

“ The human soul, without education, he compares to marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, 'till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours ; makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it !—Education, he adds, is the polisher, which draws out to view every talent, virtue, and perfection of a noble mind !”

ADDISON.

Our sex, however, must or ought, to own, that education is not the only polisher, at least of the *female* mind !—What does Miss Eglantine say of Mr. Campden ? that it is impossible to be an hour in his company, without some advancement in knowledge !—This is always the case,

case, my dear, when we are so happy to be admitted to the society of sensible well-informed men; and we must be dull, indeed, if we do not improve! Such intercourse must be to every woman, who has any taste for intellectual refreshments, a banquet royal!—You need not fear that your understanding will be thought inferior by him you love;—even your diffidence is a proof of innate wisdom, which will not escape him!—You have read, that “knowledge is like a well of deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out!”—But this is a digression, and I beg your pardon.

Miss B—— continued, I have heard O'Hara speak of Miss Heartfield's genius with rapture; and he seemed to live but in her presence!—Soon afterwards they left Bath, from which period Clara and I commenced a correspondence.—Her lover was obliged to go to Ireland, where some of his estates, left by his uncle, lay;—he did not expect to return
in

in less than three months, and they parted with mutual protestations of constancy!—He never failed to write to her weekly, and his letters were her treasured comforts!—She no more suspected him capable of change, and O'Hara was as dear to her as Rainsford had been!

After six or eight letters had been interchanged, she fancied he wrote in a cooler style, but checked her suspicions!—Something, said she, may have happened, to disappoint or distress him, and his letters may be naturally tinged with the gloom!

The succeeding ones, however, were still cooler, till at last they were freezingly cold!—and *dear Miss Heartfield* was substituted for *my beloved Clara*!—Judge of the feelings, Miss Digby, of the tender and sincere deserted!—Afraid to hint her fears,—lest the idea of her suspicions should offend him, and increase that neglect already too certainly begun! She therefore suspended expostulation till the

the three months were expired, thinking she should judge better from his behaviour in her company, than what she could infer from his letters in his absence.— But O'Hara did not return; five weeks more past before she had courage to impart her grief!

At length she ventured, in gentle terms, to reveal her apprehensions. Her letter was not answered for some weeks, and when she *did* receive the *wicked favour*, her hand refused, for some time, to break it open; at last with trembling fingers she cut out the seal with her scissors, “ But different that from every former” seal, which used to be some pleasing emblem of tenderness or constancy! —Those engaging marks of affection were laid aside, and this letter, which ended their correspondence, was sealed with his own arms.

She twice unfolded and doubled it again, desirous, yet afraid to see its contents!—She put it in her pocket, and
went

went into the garden to read it, seating herself on a bench under a willow, which she had frequented in the absence of her perfidious lover!—She read it;—or rather, she half read it;—for seeing something of—*Man is not master of his own heart!*—*Beauty has fascinating charms!*—and a variety of sentences equally probing, she fell from her seat motionless on the grass, with the letter clinched fast in her hand!

The gardener, who had been watering some flowers, came that way to fill his watering-pot, and seeing his young mistress in such a situation, went to her assistance; but finding he could not revive her, took her in his arms, and carried her into the house. Her friends, you may be sure, were alarmed at her illness, from which they no sooner revived her, than she went off again in the same manner; and successive faintings, from that hour, was the consequence of the least agitation!—Her father, seeing
the

the letter in her hand, rightly judged it to be the cause of her indisposition, he read it.—He was in an agony of grief, indignation, and passion!—He walked about the room, forgetful of his daughter, vehemently uttering invectives against the cruel destroyer of her peace. The voice of her father caught her attention as she was a third time reviving. She considered him for a while, with the most piercing composure;—then holding out her hand to him, faintly said,—Is any thing the matter, Papa?—The question affected him;—he pressed her cheek to his face, and tried to comfort her; but, ere he had well replied—Don't be concerned, my love,—you know I am easily put in a passion,—she was gone again; and her mother had her immediately, on her next recovery, put to bed, which was of instant service;—she fainted no more; and in an hour after sat up, drank a glass of wine and water, and eat some toast.

P

Mr.

Mr. Heartfield wrote by the next post to O'Hara; he received no answer; a second was sent, but without effect;—he applied to his friends for his address, and was informed he was gone to Dublin, and they had not, since his removal from Shannon, received his direction.—He waited with impatience his return to England, while his daughter's health kept gradually declining, till the physician pronounced her in a consumption; and advised that she should go to Bristol for the benefit of the waters.—Clara wrote to me, that she should soon be near me; and I loved her so, said Miss B— (weeping again) that I prevailed on my father and mother to let me be with her; and, to lessen Mr. Heartfield's expense, she boarded at an aunt's of mine, at Clifton, who desired no greater emolument, than what she hoped to receive in the happiness of seeing her recover!—You of course, Miss Digby, conclude from the circumstances of the letter, that

that her false lover, regardless of vows as sacred as matrimony, and equally regardless of dear Clara, of whose constancy perhaps he judged by his own, had formed a second engagement. I will not say he was *attached* to another; his bosom was incapable of attachments, or he could never have quitted that sweet amiable girl, whose highest ambition he well knew was to render herself pleasing to *him*, and to make him happy. The attentions of my aunt,—the Bristol waters—(and I believe *my* care might have some influence) together with the select societies we formed, had a happy effect; and I wrote, with a sister's joy, to her parents, to inform them of her recovery, at least its progress.—But perhaps an inward hope, that O'Hara would yet relent, or that he might find something in the person or mind of his new charmer less engaging than herself, and at last return repentant to his Clara, forwarded her amendment;—if such hopes

were formed, how cruelly were they for ever crushed, by the arrival of O'Hara and his wife, in Bristol Channel!

His Wife, Miss B———! said I——
His Wife, Miss Digby! repeated Miss B———, for he *married* Miss Vincent!—
The ambitious wretch *married* her!—
Miss Brilliant spoke with a degree of warmth, that discovered how much she was interested in the cause of her friend, and incensed against her hard-hearted deceiver! And her recital raised, by turns, the most lively sensations of pity, regret, and indignation, in the bosom of your Eliza!

It was impossible, continued Miss B———, to conceal the fatal *event* from the lovely sufferer.—She heard the piercing news by accident, at the Pump-Room, from two gentlemen who were conversing together.

Pray, Sir, said one of them, have you heard of the marriage of Gregory Rainsford, that changed his name t'other day to O'Hara?—he has married the celebrated

ed Miss Vincent. Her father left her a fortune more than equal to his; she was at her own disposal; and, egad, they *lit* up a *match* presently.

If that's true, said the other, I wish he may be a beggar before he dies!—I wish, instead of guineas, he may want a piece of copper to buy him a halfpenny roll, or a draught of small beer,—to bring him to a sense of his perfidy!——He has paid his addressee, for these three years, to as good a girl as ever the sun shone on;—and who loved him with as much sincerity as man could desire;—she loved him before his new acquisition, that stuck him up as high as St. Paul's!——I respect her father, as much as I do my own brother!——I live within three miles of him, and *his* girls and *mine* were always together, some way or other.—I should have been the happiest man in the world, if my eldest son had married her; for he is miserable enough with his monied wife, who wants so much waiting on!——Clara
Heartfield

Heartfield would set her hand to any thing—that she would ; but that did not suit Mr. Gentleman Rainsford ;—for I shall never think of his *new* name !

Pray how long is it ago, Sir, continued the friendly man ; I wonder if poor Clara has heard it ?——It will half break her heart, poor girl !

She has this instant heard it for the first time, Sir, said I ; for the young lady to whom I am vainly applying restoratives, is the same unfortunate Clara Heartfield, of whom you have just spoken with a degree of tenderness that does you the highest honour.—I thought it by no means improper, Miss Digby, said Miss B——, to make known to her friend that she was so near ; there were very few people in the Pump-Room, and I required some assistance.—Miss H—— remained in a state of insensibility for a full hour !

I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and concern the worthy
man

man expressed on seeing her; and in such an alarming state. His friend, who had discovered the afflictive event, politely apologized to me, for having, inadvertently, been the cause of her indisposition, and for speaking so jocularly of the circumstance; but he spoke as any other person unconcerned in the event would have done, and I told him it was by no means a proof of a ludicrous turn, which he feared might have been imputed to him; and if it had, his visibly unfeigned concern would have made ample amends. —He assisted in removing Miss H—— to a private room adjoining, where we rested her on a sofa, and administered alternately to her relief.

What joy glistened in the eyes of her attentive friend, when she awaked from an hour's oblivion, and made a motion to me for the cup of hartshorn and water I held in my hand! —The gentleman, who had shewn her so much kindness, had sat by the side of the sofa
the

the whole time, and supported her head on his arm, he took the cup from me, and put it to her lips; she tasted it, then shaking her head, said to him,—Do, pray, Papa, put a bit of sugar in it!

He took it from her a while, then presented it again, and she drank it off.—She raised herself up after the cooling draught, and seemed much better; but her stroaking Mr. ———'s hand, and bending his fingers, as she would have done her father's, convinced us she was not quite come to herself!—So long a cessation of the vital, or rather intellectual powers, must certainly leave a stupor behind for some time; and we were all thankful that she recovered by degrees. The stranger, on seeing her revive, took his leave, fearing it might give her pain to know that her situation had been discovered!—The first sign of returning recollection was to me.

How far did we walk beyond the rock-house

house this morning, Miss Brilliant, said she?

I told her we did not walk quite so far; which she soon remembered. The gentleman then addressed her; she did not seem surprised, but said,

How long have you been at Bristol, Mr. Genio?—I was *so* astonished when I heard your voice in the Pump-Room; and a sudden surprize soon overcomes me!

I believe I was looking out of the window when you came in, my dear, said he, or you would have known me if I had turned about.

It is true, I believe, observed Miss B——, that the sight of a friend, we have not seen for a long time, will draw our attention awhile from the keenest sorrows; and such was the effect of Mr. Genio's presence on Miss Heartfield!—She seemed cheared with his company; and, though she talked but little, expressed great pleasure in hearing the Miss Ge-

nios were well, and at Bristol. I requested the gentleman to bring them to my aunt's, to visit us, and he promised they should come.

Indeed his behaviour charmed me; and he lavished on Miss H——, while she remained in her swoon, the most tender endearments of a fond father! — Clara was too weak to walk home, and Mr. Genio sent to Mr. Jaques, the gentleman who had just left us, to beg the favour of his phaeton; mentioning the reason.—This request was readily complied with; and Mr. Genio, Miss H——, and myself, ascended the carriage. But, alas! unhappy Clara was that day to receive another shock, more terrible than before!—for, driving slowly along the Downs, a chariot and four was coming swiftly towards us.

Who have we got here? said Mr. Genio; they are coming Jehu like, Clara. —Miss Heartfield lifted up her head; but

but presently reclining on my shoulder, exclaimed ——

Oh !——it is !——it is my Rainsford !
——my lost husband !——This is indeed
too much for me !——A torrent of tears
prevented her from falling into the same
state as before ; but this was equally dis-
tressing to Mr. Genio and me !——I had
a glance of them as they past. O'Hara
seemed to be in earnest conversation with
his lady, who was laughing at him ; she
did not appear to me so pretty as Clara,
but her dress was fashion itself !——Two
servants followed.——Mr. Genio stopped
the phaeton, and called to the footman
who was nearest the carriage—

Hark ye, my lad, said he,—Where is
your master going to?—Is his name
O'Hara?

Yes, Sir, said the servant ; and he is
going to Italy.

Then do you tell him, said he, that
one Mr. Genio—(he knows me well
enough) sends these hearty wishes after
him :

him:—That he may roll over and over, from the top to the bottom of the highest precipice!—Or else, that he may be forced to travel through lonely woods, in hail, rain, or sunshine; without a hat to his head, or a shoe to his foot, and nobody but CONSCIENCE for his companion!

Mr. Genio stood up in the phaeton, and as he spoke, vociferously, waving his hand at every sentence, I believe the servant, who was a stranger, thought him intoxicated; for he rode off laughing, and said,

Very well, Sir; I'll be sure to tell him, —if I don't forget!

This provoked Mr. Genio, who then stopped the second attendant, who had staid behind, at an inn; it was the same servant who had many a time rode behind his master and Clara, in their rides on horseback.—Pray, Jerry, said Mr. G——, is that master of your's married?

I wish

I wish I could say No, Sir, said the civil man; but it is too true.—I do not mean to stay with him any longer than he is provided with another servant; for his goings on are not as they ought to be lately.

Well, Jerry, said Mr. G——, do you tell him what I say, repeating what he had told the other.

You may depend on it I will, Sir, replied his servant; for though I am but a poor man to him, he has acted so badly, Sir, that I sha'n't be afraid to speak to him; he's all for what he can cram in his pocket, Sir; and as to that good natured young lady there, that went to Bath with him, he has played her such a scrubby trick, Sir, that every man, rich and poor, that knows on it, must despise him!

Mr. Genio was so pleased with the good man's just remarks, that he gave him half a guinea, and wished him a good day!

Clara

Clara took no notice of Jeremiah, and, her head turned aside, he did not know her. We soon arrived at my aunt's, who was excessively afflicted at this sudden change, which was little expected, as I told you we were all rejoicing in her happy amendment. But the sight of O'Hara,—the wedded O'Hara!—was a thunder-bolt to the tender girl! and the inward storm of conflicting passions, occasioned by the sudden and terrible assurance that he was in possession of another, blighted all our hopes of restoring her again to health and tranquillity!—Mr. Genio took his leave in half an hour, and in the evening came again, with an eminent physician, who wrote a prescription; but did not inform us what he thought of her!—She was the next morning rather delirious, and her fever rose in a few days to an alarming height! She tasted nothing but liquids for a full fortnight, when the fever was considerably lowered; and she was able to leave
the

the room, and drink tea with us below. I did not write the account to her friends, flattering myself again with hope!—By degrees she saw a little company, which the doctor particularly advised. Mr. Jacques, was extremely kind; and good Mr. Genio never missed a day!——But what most amused Miss Heartfield, was a charming little cherubic girl of Mr. Genio's, about four years old, of whom she had always been very fond:—Mr. G——'s whole family were at Bristol for the recovery of Mrs. Genio's health, who often lamented that she could not more frequently see Miss H——; but those interviews affected her weak frame too much.——Clara would often sit and make doll-things for little Sophy Genio, when nothing else could engage her attention; and one evening, an action of that child's made her laugh, and really seemed to divert her!——Clara was inclined to sleep; and had thrown a cambric handkerchief
over

over her face.—Sophy was sitting very still by her side, and I was at work ;—it was quite dusk when Miss H—— removed the handkerchief, and by the faint light, she discovered some black spots on her arm.—My dear Miss Brilliant, said she, come and look at my arm !—What can be the matter with it ?—Surely my disorder is turning to the spotted fever ! The little arch girl, laughing, repeated : —Spotted fever !—and picked off the spots !—She had taken a piece of black sticking plaister, out of Miss H——’s housewife, cut it in bits, and stuck it on her arm !—Clara did not forget to tell Mr. G—— the circumstance, and he was delighted that his child could amuse her ;—but, my dear Sophy, said he, you must never tease Miss Clara, when she wishes to go to sleep !

No, no, Papa, said the pretty creature—I don’t ;—for when Miss Clara goes to sleep, I lay my head in her lap ;

lap; but then I can't shleep long; and if I do but jusht tickle her arm a little, she wakesth again in a minute!

Contrary to our expectations, the interesting sufferer, in six weeks, began to recover surprisngly!—She, in a degree, possessed her usual bloom, and her native chearfulness sometimes enlivened our meals with innocent jokes. Mr. and Mrs. Heartfield came to see her, and would have taken her back; but my aunt and I, urging how much the air of Bristol agreed with her, prevailed with them to let her stay another month.

O'Hara was never mentioned *to* her, and seldom *by* her; *never* indeed, but by the name of Rainsford!—She, however, one day, shewed me the letter I have before mentioned, which confirmed her fears, and began the attack!—O, Miss Digby, if you had seen that letter!—In it he owned, or rather boasted of his attachment, as he called it, to Miss Vincent, whom he styled, *The Beautiful*!—Imputed the
ardour

ardour of his regard for Clara to the enthusiasm of youth and indiscretion ;—wounded her heart with observations on the disparity of their fortunes and dispositions, and then concluded with an *insulting wish*, that she might be happy with one more deserving than O'Hara !

It was long, said she, Miss Brilliant, before I read the conclusion of that letter ; my father kept it from me, till he found my anxiety to see it increased.—After reading it you will suppose the account I heard in the Pump-Room was not quite unexpected ; yet, as “ Hope travels through,” I had deluded myself with the idea that tenderness for me might resume her station in his breast, and Clara would be the object of his compassion, which might lead again to love !—But I am deceived, on every side, and delusive hope of joy is lost in the cruel certainty of *finished* falsehood on his side, and *continual* grief on mine !

Miss

Miss B—— was silent again for some time; then taking out her pocket-book,—here is a lock of hair, Miss Digby, said she, that Clara gave me a little before she died.

Before she died, Miss B——! repeated I—I thought the young lady, who called this morning, was the person whose misfortunes I have been listening to!—How you amaze me!

Miss B—— did not answer me; she sat curling the lock round her finger, while her tears washed the flaxen hair of her deceased lamented friend!

At that interval Miss Pelham came to inform us tea was ready, and that Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and their eldest son and daughter, were come. Miss B—— mentioned many incidents which I leave out in recounting, as it would lengthen my letter, and take up more time than I can at present command; we could not have supposed it tea-time,
and

and Miss B—— begged Caroline to say, we would come in ten minutes.

I have led you into an error, indeed, Miss Digby, continued Miss B—— ; I should at *first* have told you, that Clara was the *sister* of the young lady you saw to-day ; she was one year younger. She has been dead but three months.

I almost thought it might be the consequence, said I, in one part of your narration ; but when you said, that contrary to your hopes, she surprisingly revived, I was again assured that the Miss Heartfield I saw, and the unfortunate Clara, were the same.

Ah ! that revival, said Miss B——, was visionary indeed !—— It was a dream of pleasure !—— it vanished !—— it was a phantom !—— the parents strove to clasp it—— “ but they found it air ! ”—— Clara could bear the summer evening’s breeze, and the mild morning air ; but the heat of noon-day beams enfeebled her languid frame !—— The sunshine of
happiness

happiness could no more animate her bosom, and the rays of Phœbus were too powerful for her. May, June, and the autumnal months, made great ravages on her delicate system; the following spring could not counteract the injury!—She returned to Gloucestershire, and, without a murmur, silently breathed her last sigh in the arms of her disconsolate mother, clasping the hands of her afflicted father and affectionate sister!

There are a few more occurrences, Miss Digby, said Miss Brilliant, which I will detail to you, when our visitors are gone; at present the unwelcome interruption of tea obliges me to suspend the narration.—We rose and adjourned.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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